WATCHMEN
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DC

WATCHMEN

MAY 1987

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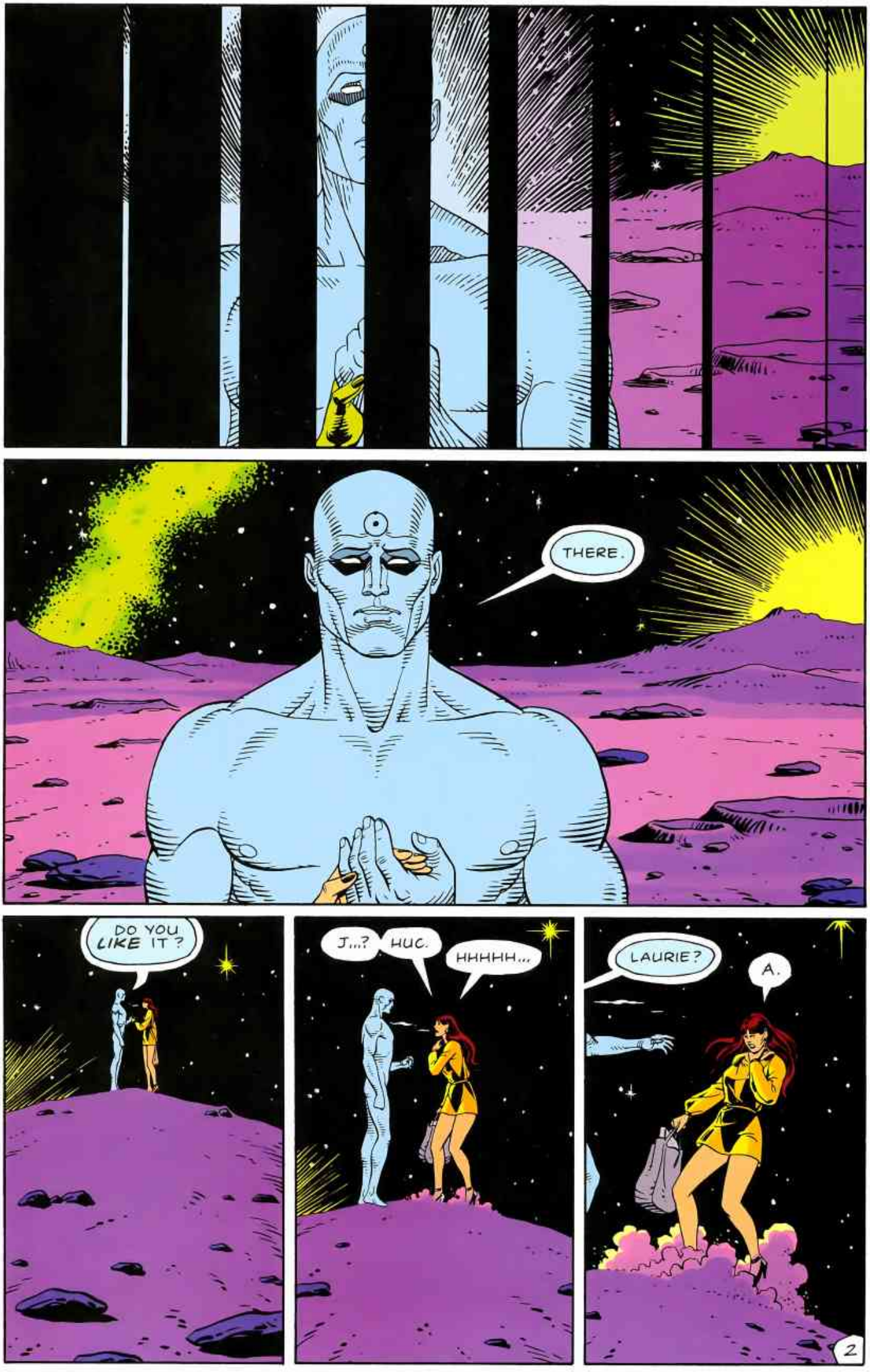
"LAURIE?"
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I...
DAN? HE JUST APPEARED. HE WANTS ME TO GO WITH HIM. I...I THINK I BETTER DO AS HE SAYS. I KNOW HIM. HE DOESN'T CHANGE HIS MIND.
DANIEL? DOORBELL RINGING...
LAURIE, WAIT! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
W-WE'RE GOING TO TALK. MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.
IT'LL BE OKAY, DAN. REALLY. YOU TAKE CARE.
PEOPLE OUTSIDE, DANIEL. POLICE.
G-3044
HAMMERING NOW. BEST HURRY. WE...
LAURIE!
"DON'T..."
1

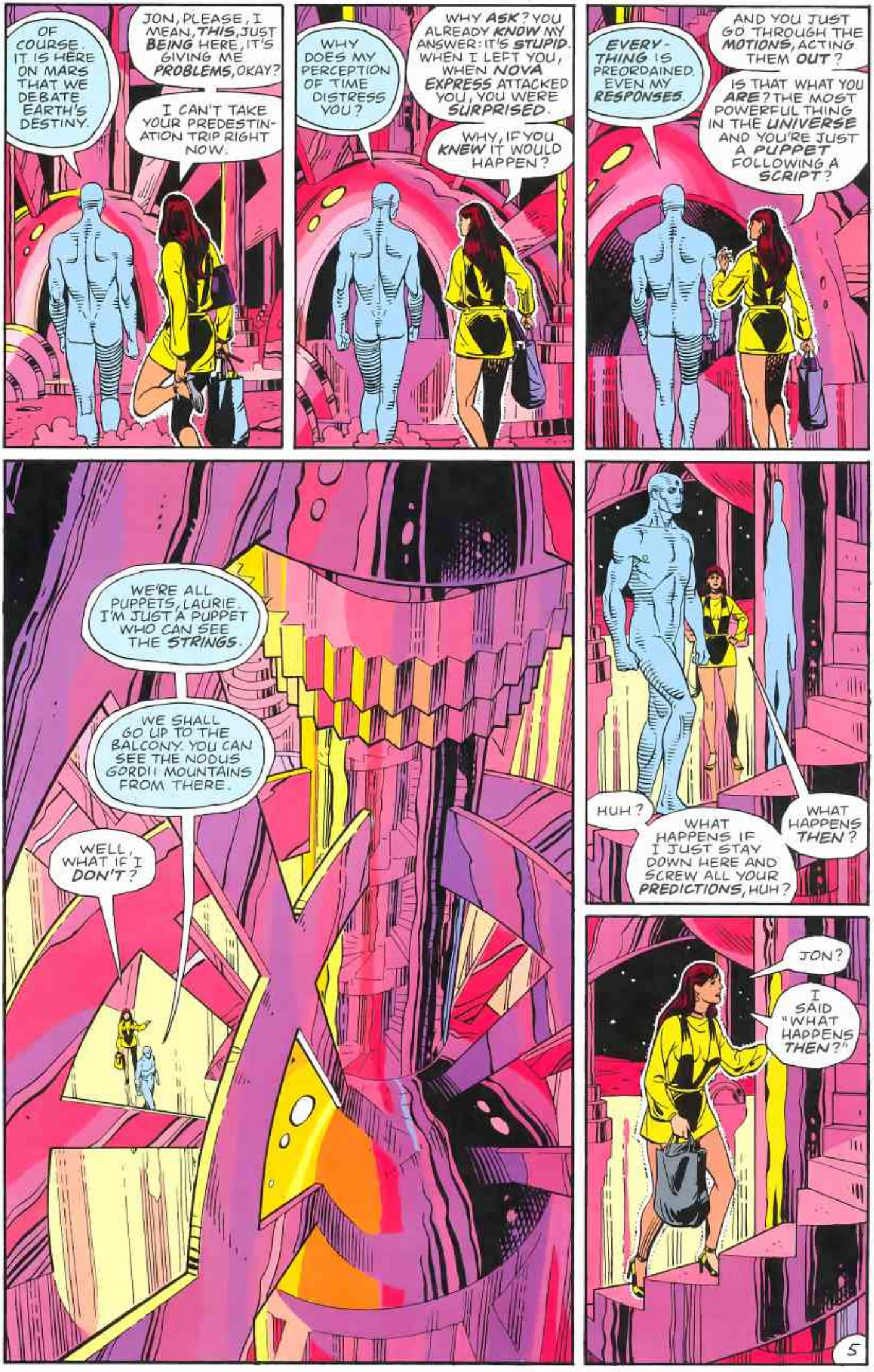
THE DARKNESS OF MERE BEING

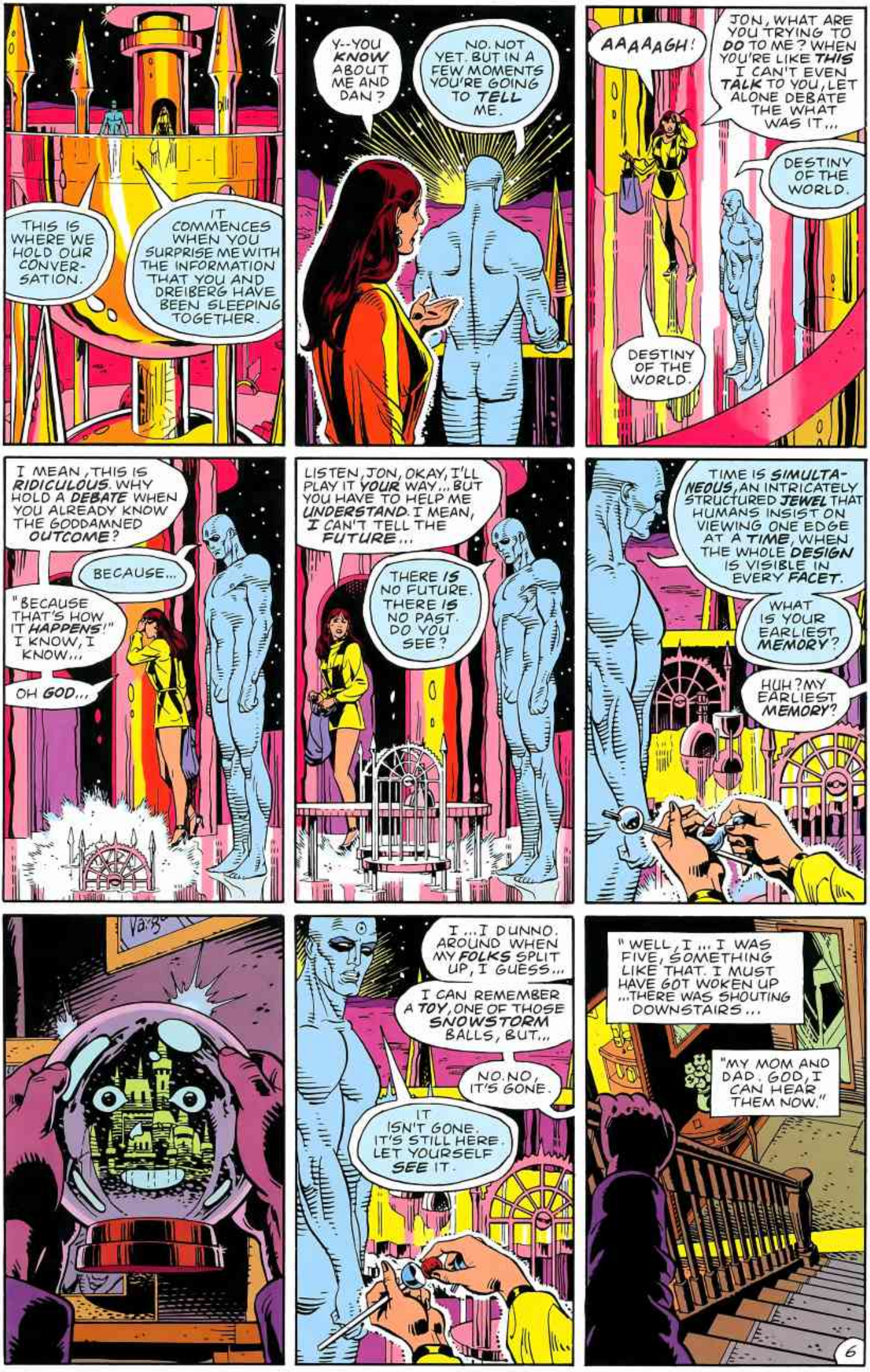

THERE.
DO YOU LIKE IT?
J...?
HUC.
HHHHH...
LAURIE?
A.

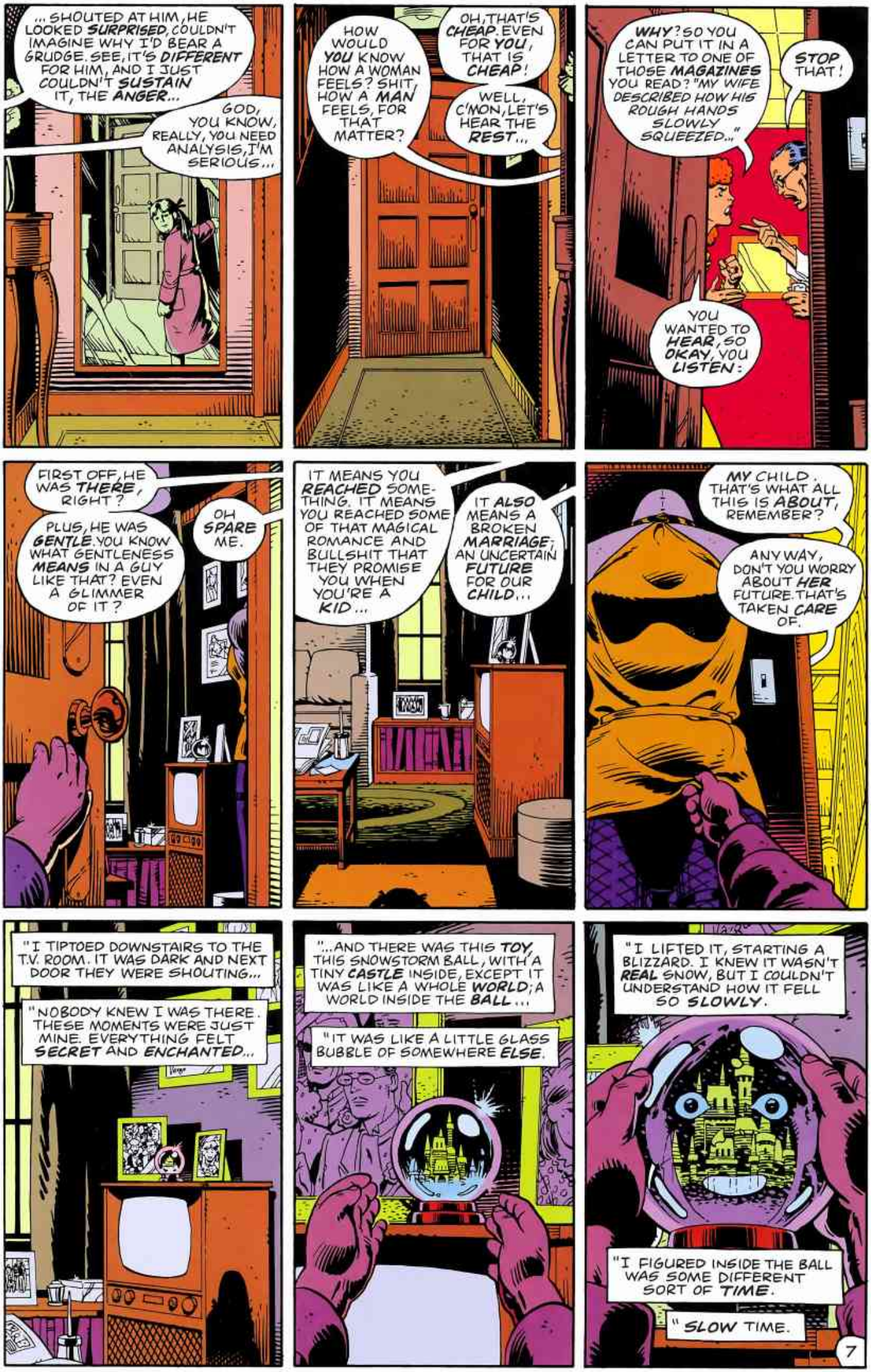
LAURIE? WHAT'S ...?
OH.
OF COURSE.
PLEASE FORGIVE ME...
SOMETIMES THESE THINGS SLIP MY MIND.
HHHUUHHHHR
3

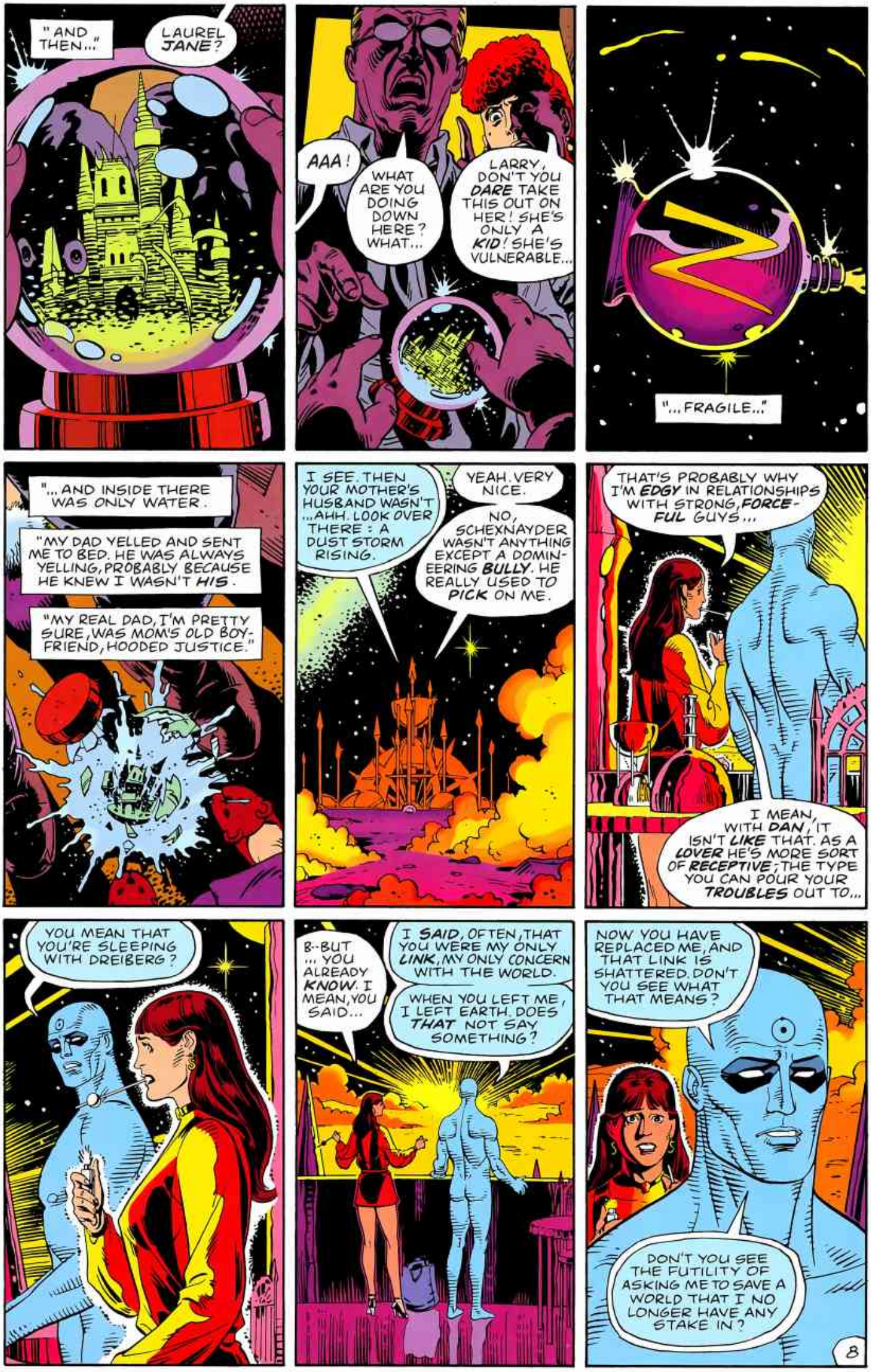
OH JESUS! JESUS, JON, YOU STUPID BASTARD, YOU...
LAURIE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
HHUC
HHUCH...
: PFUH :
OF COURSE I'M NOT ALRIGHT. I'M THROWING UP. YOU KNOW I ALWAYS THROW UP WHENEVER YOU TAKE ME ANYWHERE!
JON, LISTEN, THIS AIR SUPPLY, WHATEVER IT IS. YOU BETTER NOT FORGET ABOUT IT, OR...
... OR, UH...

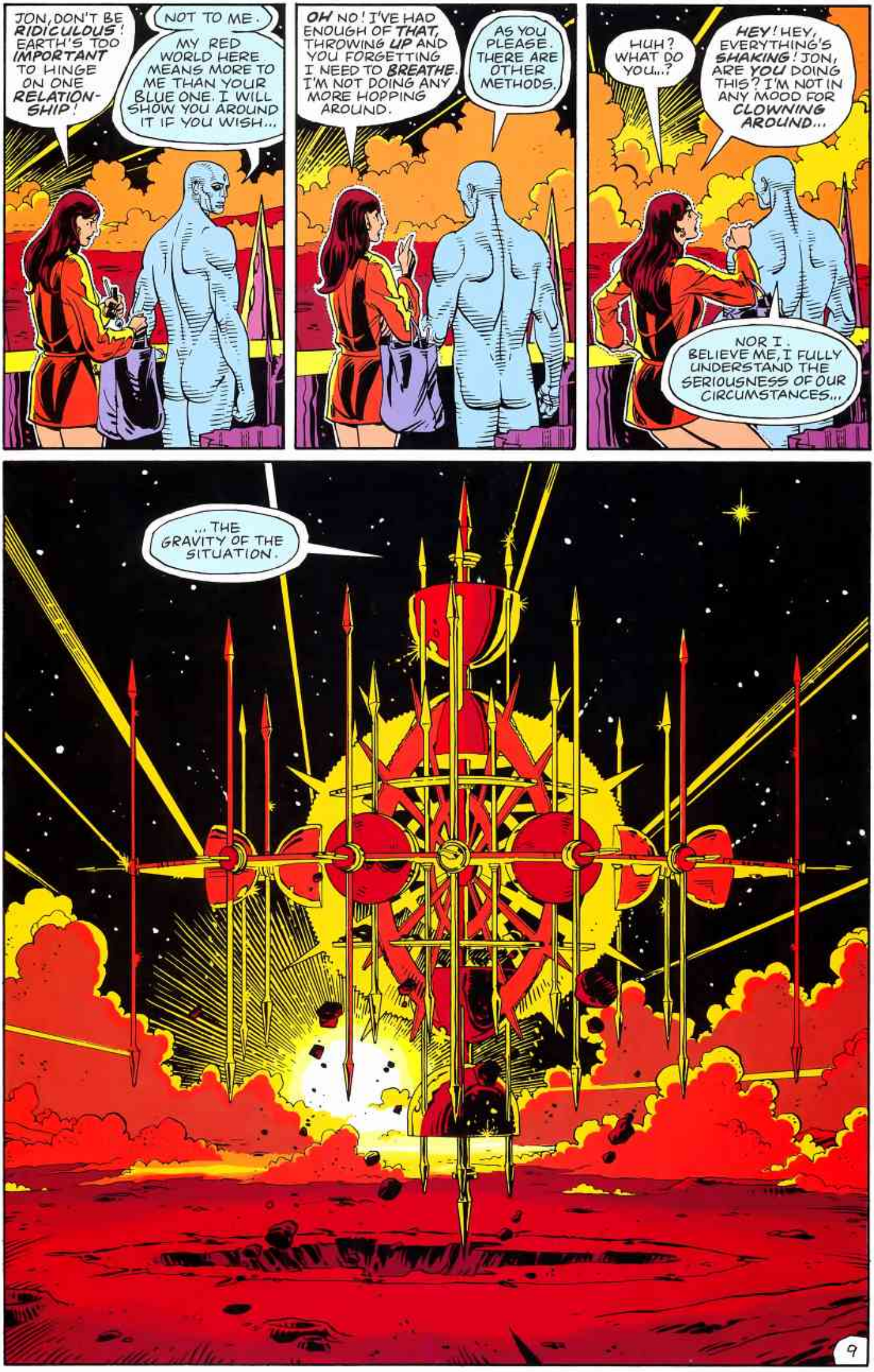
OH SHIT.
I'M ON MARS.

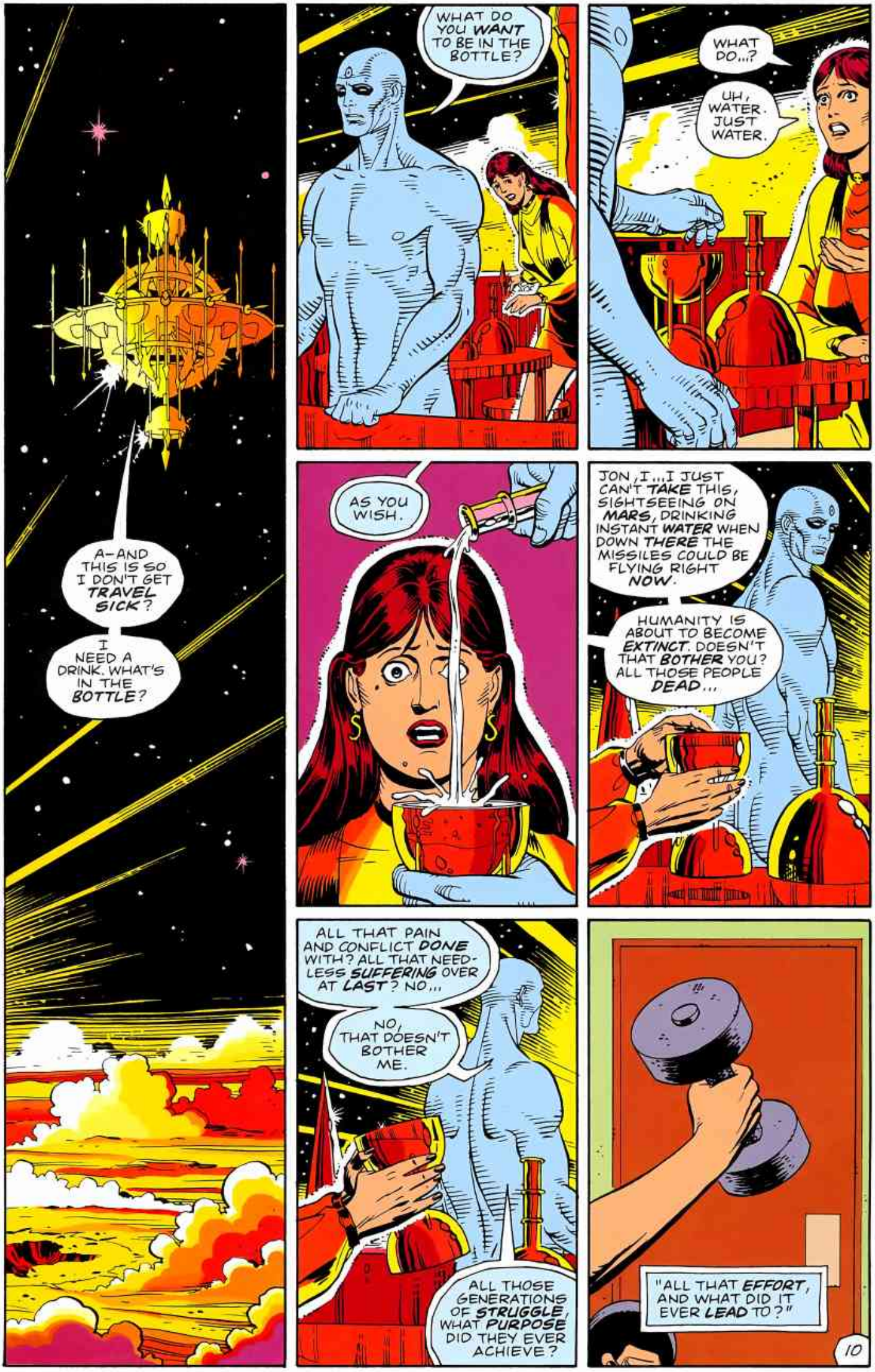

OF COURSE. IT IS HERE ON MARS THAT WE DEBATE EARTH'S DESTINY.
JON, PLEASE, I MEAN, THIS, JUST BEING HERE, IT'S GIVING ME PROBLEMS, OKAY?
I CAN'T TAKE YOUR PREDESTINATION TRIP RIGHT NOW.
WHY DOES MY PERCEPTION OF TIME DISTRESS YOU?
WHY ASK? YOU ALREADY KNOW MY ANSWER: IT'S STUPID. WHEN I LEFT YOU, WHEN NOVA EXPRESS ATTACKED YOU, YOU WERE SURPRISED.
WHY, IF YOU KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN?
EVERYTHING IS PREORDAINED. EVEN MY RESPONSES.
AND YOU JUST GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, ACTING THEM OUT?
IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE? THE MOST POWERFUL THING IN THE UNIVERSE AND YOU'RE JUST A PUPPET FOLLOWING A SCRIPT?
WE'RE ALL PUPPETS, LAURIE. I'M JUST A PUPPET WHO CAN SEE THE STRINGS.
WE SHALL GO UP TO THE BALCONY. YOU CAN SEE THE NODUS GORDII MOUNTAINS FROM THERE.
WELL, WHAT IF I DON'T?
HUH?
WHAT HAPPENS IF I JUST STAY DOWN HERE AND SCREW ALL YOUR PREDICTIONS, HUH?
WHAT HAPPENS THEN?
JON?
I SAID "WHAT HAPPENS THEN?"
5

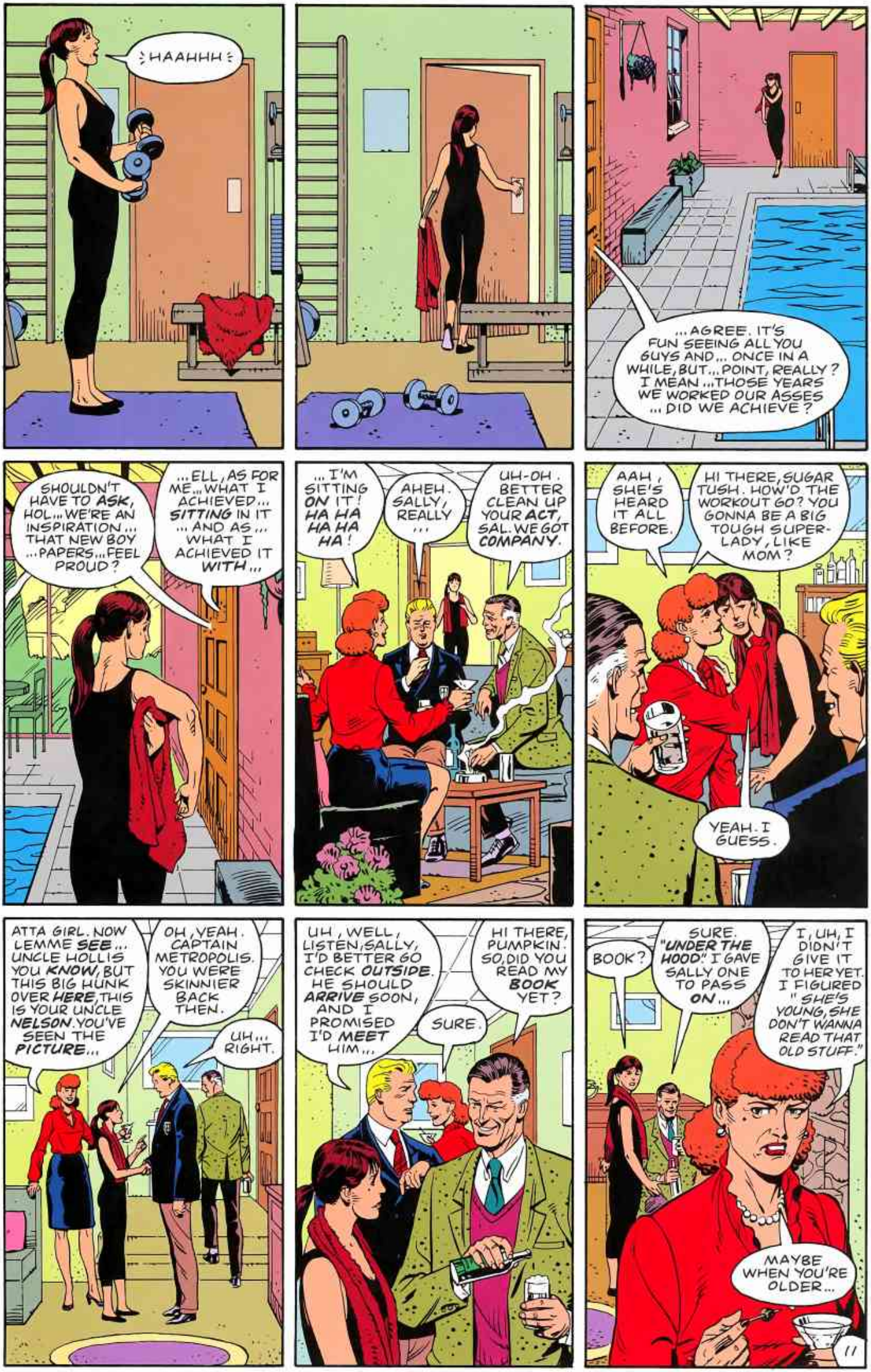

THIS IS WHERE WE HOLD OUR CONVER-SATION.
IT COMMENCES WHEN YOU SURPRISE ME WITH THE INFORMATION THAT YOU AND DREIBERG HAVE BEEN SLEEPING TOGETHER.
Y--YOU KNOW ABOUT ME AND DAN?
NO. NOT YET. BUT IN A FEW MOMENTS YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.
AAAAAGH!
JON, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME? WHEN YOU'RE LIKE THIS I CAN'T EVEN TALK TO YOU, LET ALONE DEBATE THE WHAT WAS IT...
DESTINY OF THE WORLD.
DESTINY OF THE WORLD.
I MEAN, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WHY HOLD A DEBATE WHEN YOU ALREADY KNOW THE GODDAMNED OUTCOME?
BECAUSE...
"BECAUSE THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENS!" I KNOW, I KNOW...
OH GOD...
LISTEN, JON, OKAY, I'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY... BUT YOU HAVE TO HELP ME UNDERSTAND. I MEAN, I CAN'T TELL THE FUTURE...
THERE IS NO FUTURE. THERE IS NO PAST. DO YOU SEE?
TIME IS SIMULTA-NEOUS, AN INTRICATELY STRUCTURED JEWEL THAT HUMANS INSIST ON VIEWING ONE EDGE AT A TIME, WHEN THE WHOLE DESIGN IS VISIBLE IN EVERY FACET.
WHAT IS YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY?
HUH? MY EARLIEST MEMORY?
I ...I DUNNO. AROUND WHEN MY FOLKS SPLIT UP, I GUESS...
I CAN REMEMBER A TOY, ONE OF THOSE SNOWSTORM BALLS, BUT...
NO. NO, IT'S GONE.
IT ISN'T GONE. IT'S STILL HERE. LET YOURSELF SEE IT.
"WELL, I ... I WAS FIVE, SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I MUST HAVE GOT WOKEN UP ...THERE WAS SHOUTING DOWNSTAIRS...
"MY MOM AND DAD. GOD, I CAN HEAR THEM NOW."
6


... SHOUTED AT HIM, HE LOOKED SURPRISED, COULDN'T IMAGINE WHY I'D BEAR A GRUDGE. SEE, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR HIM, AND I JUST COULDN'T SUSTAIN IT, THE ANGER...
GOD, YOU KNOW, REALLY, YOU NEED ANALYSIS, I'M SERIOUS...
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW HOW A WOMAN FEELS? SHIT, HOW A MAN FEELS, FOR THAT MATTER?
OH, THAT'S CHEAP. EVEN FOR YOU, THAT IS CHEAP!
WELL, C'MON, LET'S HEAR THE REST...
WHY? SO YOU CAN PUT IT IN A LETTER TO ONE OF THOSE MAGAZINES YOU READ? "MY WIFE DESCRIBED HOW HIS ROUGH HANDS SLOWLY SQUEEZED..."
STOP THAT!
YOU WANTED TO HEAR, SO OKAY, YOU LISTEN:
FIRST OFF, HE WAS THERE, RIGHT?
PLUS, HE WAS GENTLE. YOU KNOW WHAT GENTLENESS MEANS IN A GUY LIKE THAT? EVEN A GLIMMER OF IT?
OH SPARE ME.
IT MEANS YOU REACHED SOMETHING. IT MEANS YOU REACHED SOME OF THAT MAGICAL ROMANCE AND BULLSHIT THAT THEY PROMISE YOU WHEN YOU'RE A KID...
IT ALSO MEANS A BROKEN MARRIAGE; AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE FOR OUR CHILD...
MY CHILD. THAT'S WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT, REMEMBER?
ANYWAY, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT HER FUTURE. THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF.
"I TIPTOED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE T.V. ROOM. IT WAS DARK AND NEXT DOOR THEY WERE SHOUTING...
"NOBODY KNEW I WAS THERE. THESE MOMENTS WERE JUST MINE. EVERYTHING FELT SECRET AND ENCHANTED...
"...AND THERE WAS THIS TOY, THIS SNOWSTORM BALL, WITH A TINY CASTLE INSIDE, EXCEPT IT WAS LIKE A WHOLE WORLD; A WORLD INSIDE THE BALL...
"IT WAS LIKE A LITTLE GLASS BUBBLE OF SOMEWHERE ELSE.
"I LIFTED IT, STARTING A BLIZZARD. I KNEW IT WASN'T REAL SNOW, BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT FELL SO SLOWLY.
"I FIGURED INSIDE THE BALL WAS SOME DIFFERENT SORT OF TIME.
" SLOW TIME.

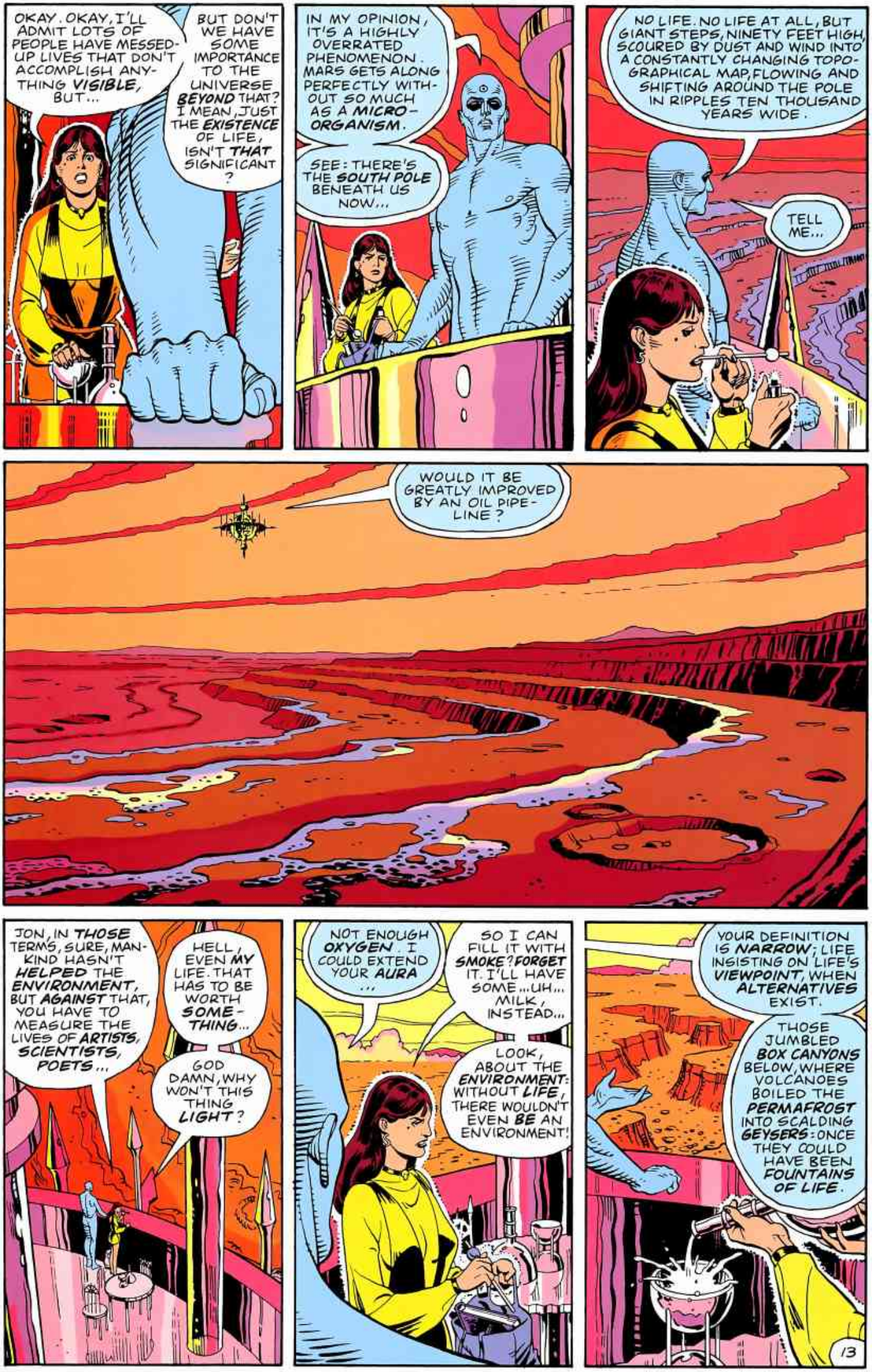

"AND THEN..."
LAUREL JANE?
AAA!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? WHAT...
LARRY, DON'T YOU DARE TAKE THIS OUT ON HER! SHE'S ONLY A KID! SHE'S VULNERABLE...
"...FRAGILE..."
"...AND INSIDE THERE WAS ONLY WATER.
"MY DAD YELLED AND SENT ME TO BED. HE WAS ALWAYS YELLING, PROBABLY BECAUSE HE KNEW I WASN'T HIS.
"MY REAL DAD, I'M PRETTY SURE, WAS MOM'S OLD BOYFRIEND, HOODED JUSTICE."
I SEE. THEN YOUR MOTHER'S HUSBAND WASN'T ...AHH. LOOK OVER THERE: A DUST STORM RISING.
YEAH. VERY NICE.
NO, SCHEXNAYDER WASN'T ANYTHING EXCEPT A DOMINEERING BULLY. HE REALLY USED TO PICK ON ME.
THAT'S PROBABLY WHY I'M EDGY IN RELATIONSHIPS WITH STRONG, FORCEFUL GUYS...
I MEAN, WITH DAN, IT ISN'T LIKE THAT. AS A LOVER HE'S MORE SORT OF RECEPTIVE; THE TYPE YOU CAN POUR YOUR TROUBLES OUT TO...
YOU MEAN THAT YOU'RE SLEEPING WITH DREIBERG?
B--BUT ... YOU ALREADY KNOW. I MEAN, YOU SAID...
I SAID, OFTEN, THAT YOU WERE MY ONLY LINK, MY ONLY CONCERN WITH THE WORLD.
WHEN YOU LEFT ME, I LEFT EARTH. DOES THAT NOT SAY SOMETHING?
NOW YOU HAVE REPLACED ME, AND THAT LINK IS SHATTERED. DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THAT MEANS?
DON'T YOU SEE THE FUTILITY OF ASKING ME TO SAVE A WORLD THAT I NO LONGER HAVE ANY STAKE IN?
8

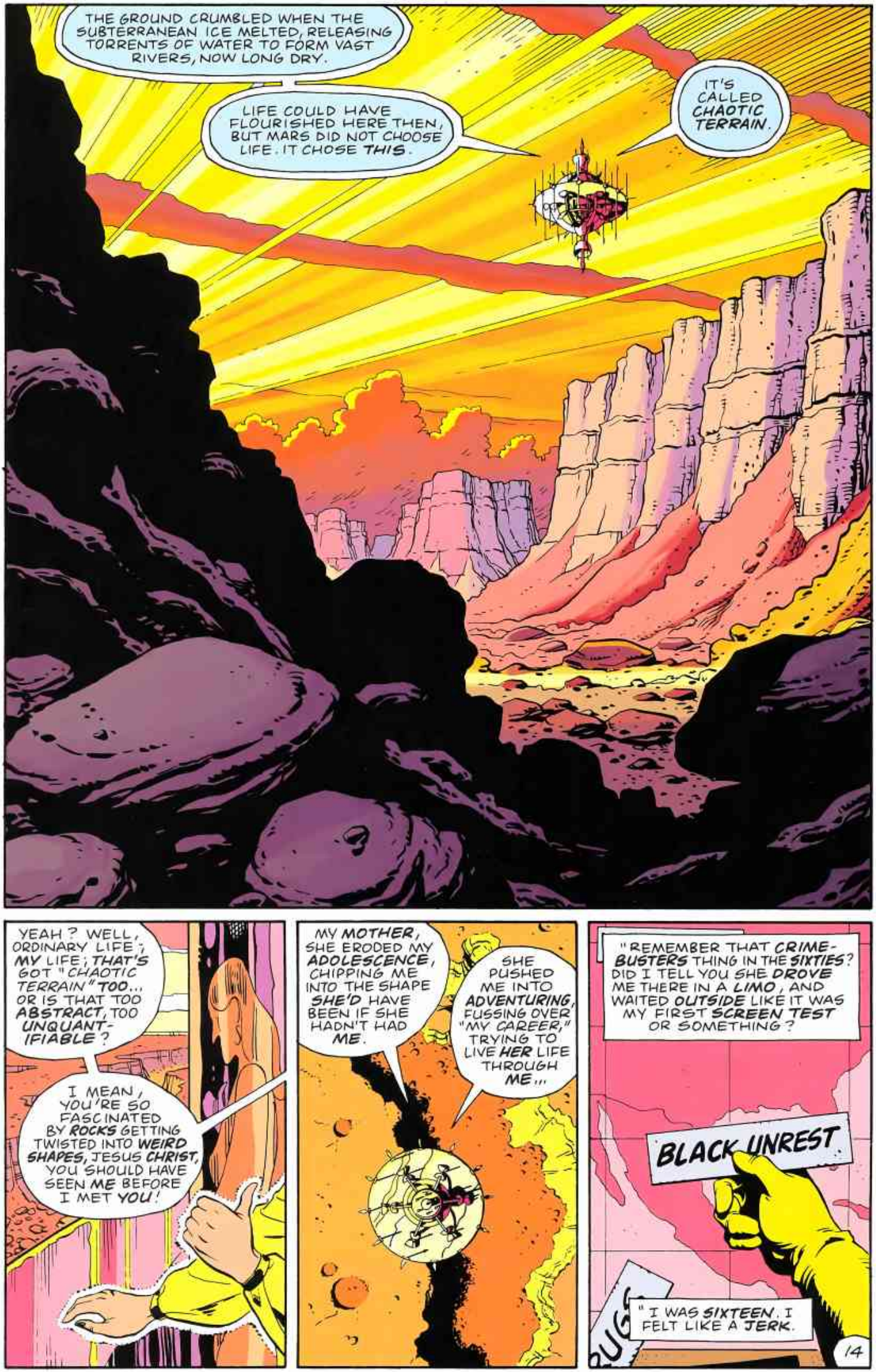

JON, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! EARTH'S TOO IMPORTANT TO HINGE ON ONE RELATIONSHIP!
NOT TO ME. MY RED WORLD HERE MEANS MORE TO ME THAN YOUR BLUE ONE. I WILL SHOW YOU AROUND IT IF YOU WISH...
OH NO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT, THROWING UP AND YOU FORGETTING I NEED TO BREATHE. I'M NOT DOING ANY MORE HOPPING AROUND.
AS YOU PLEASE. THERE ARE OTHER METHODS.
HUH? WHAT DO YOU...?
HEY! HEY, EVERYTHING'S SHAKING! JON, ARE YOU DOING THIS? I'M NOT IN ANY MOOD FOR CLOWNING AROUND...
NOR I. BELIEVE ME, I FULLY UNDERSTAND THE SERIOUSNESS OF OUR CIRCUMSTANCES...
... THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.
9


A-AND THIS IS SO I DON'T GET TRAVEL SICK?
I NEED A DRINK. WHAT'S IN THE BOTTLE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE IN THE BOTTLE?
WHAT DO...?
UH, WATER. JUST WATER.
AS YOU WISH.
JON, I...I JUST CAN'T TAKE THIS, SIGHTSEEING ON MARS, DRINKING INSTANT WATER WHEN DOWN THERE THE MISSILES COULD BE FLYING RIGHT NOW.
HUMANITY IS ABOUT TO BECOME EXTINCT. DOESN'T THAT BOTHER YOU? ALL THOSE PEOPLE DEAD...
ALL THAT PAIN AND CONFLICT DONE WITH? ALL THAT NEEDLESS SUFFERING OVER AT LAST? NO...
NO, THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.
ALL THOSE GENERATIONS OF STRUGGLE, WHAT PURPOSE DID THEY EVER ACHIEVE?
"ALL THAT EFFORT, AND WHAT DID IT EVER LEAD TO?"
10


:HAAHHH:
...AGREE. IT'S FUN SEEING ALL YOU GUYS AND... ONCE IN A WHILE, BUT... POINT, REALLY? I MEAN ...THOSE YEARS WE WORKED OUR ASSES ... DID WE ACHIEVE?
SHOULDN'T HAVE TO ASK, HOL... WE'RE AN INSPIRATION... THAT NEW BOY ...PAPERS... FEEL PROUD?
...ELL, AS FOR ME... WHAT I ACHIEVED... SITTING IN IT ... AND AS ... WHAT I ACHIEVED IT WITH...
...I'M SITTING ON IT! HA HA HA HA!
AHEH. SALLY, REALLY ...
UH-OH. BETTER CLEAN UP YOUR ACT, SAL. WE GOT COMPANY.
AAH, SHE'S HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.
HI THERE, SUGAR TUSH. HOW'D THE WORKOUT GO? YOU GONNA BE A BIG TOUGH SUPER-LADY, LIKE MOM?
YEAH. I GUESS.
ATTA GIRL. NOW LEMME SEE... UNCLE HOLLIS YOU KNOW, BUT THIS BIG HUNK OVER HERE, THIS IS YOUR UNCLE NELSON. YOU'VE SEEN THE PICTURE...
OH, YEAH. CAPTAIN METROPOLIS. YOU WERE SKINNIER BACK THEN.
UH... RIGHT.
UH, WELL, LISTEN, SALLY, I'D BETTER GO CHECK OUTSIDE. HE SHOULD ARRIVE SOON, AND I PROMISED I'D MEET HIM...
HI THERE, PUMPKIN. SO, DID YOU READ MY BOOK YET?
SURE.
BOOK?
SURE. "UNDER THE HOOD." I GAVE SALLY ONE TO PASS ON...
I, UH, I DIDN'T GIVE IT TO HER YET. I FIGURED "SHE'S YOUNG, SHE DON'T WANNA READ THAT OLD STUFF."
MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE OLDER...
11

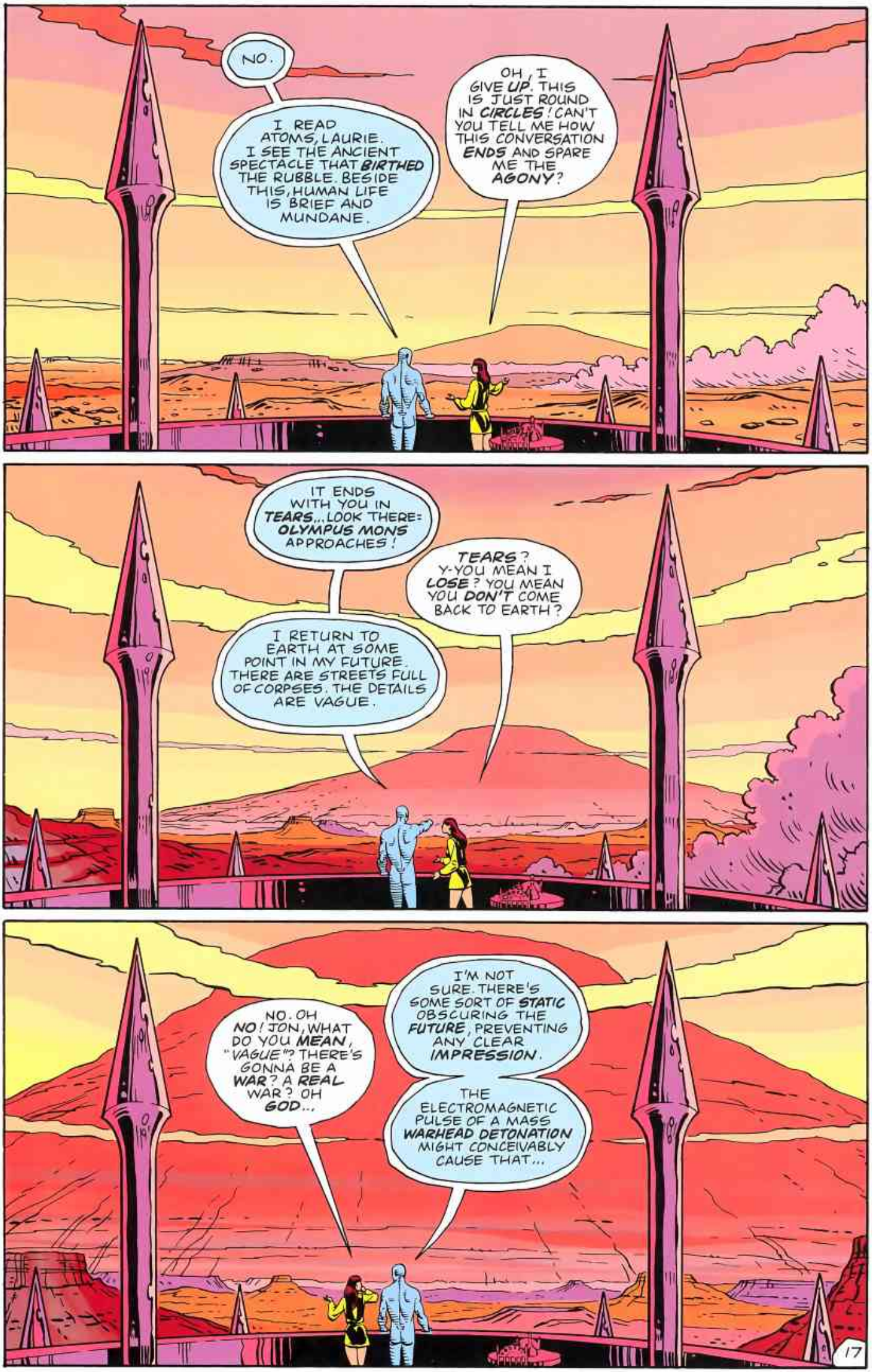
MOM, I'M THIRTEEN! WHY CAN'T I READ UNCLE HOLLIS'S BOOK? I DO ALL THIS TRAINING TO BE A COSTUME HERO, I CAN'T EVEN READ ABOUT THEM?
UH, NOW, HONEY, MAYBE MOM KNOWS BEST. I GUESS I WASN'T THINKING ...
WELL, I JUST GUESS YOU WEREN'T! ALL THOSE STORIES YOU TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL...
SALLY, REALLY, I'M SORRY, I FORGOT...
HEY, EVERY-BODY! LOOK WHO MADE THE REUNION AFTER ALL!
BYRON! OH BYRON, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! CAN WE FIX YOU, UH...
JUST A CLUB SODA FOR MR. LEWIS.
MY FRIENDS. ALL MY FRIENDS. WHAT TIME IS IT?
UH... IT'S, UH, HIGH TIME WE ALL GOT TOGETHER IS WHAT IT IS! HERE...HERE'S YOUR SODA, BYRON...
MOM? WHO...?
SHHH. AN OLD FRIEND. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
HE'S ONE OF YOU, RIGHT? JESUS, IS THAT WHAT I'M TRAINING FOR? WHAT I GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO?
LAURIE, SHUT UP! BYRON'S FINE. HE JUST...
ARE... ARE MY RELATIVES HERE?
UH... MR. LEWIS...
I--I'M JUST SORRY. I'M SORRY FOR US ALL...
BYRON, CAREFUL! YOUR GLASS, YOU'RE...
"...SPILLING EVERYTHING..."
"LAURIE? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?"
I WAS ASKING THE POINT OF ALL THAT STRUGGLING; THE PURPOSE OF THIS ENDLESS LABOR; ACCOMPLISHING NOTHING, LEAVING PEOPLE EMPTY AND DIS-ILLUSIONED...
LEAVING PEOPLE BROKEN.
12

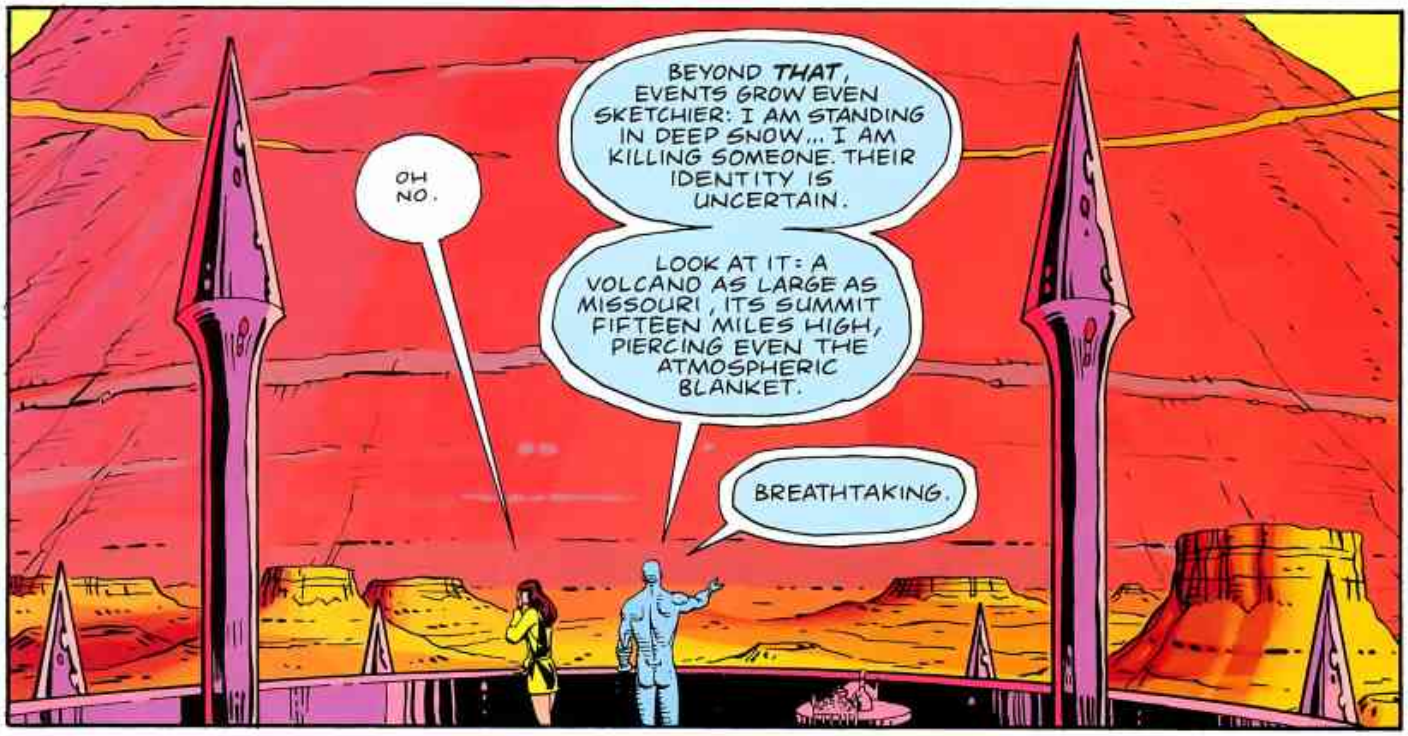

OKAY. OKAY, I'LL ADMIT LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE MESSED-UP LIVES THAT DON'T ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING VISIBLE, BUT...
BUT DON'T WE HAVE SOME IMPORTANCE TO THE UNIVERSE BEYOND THAT? I MEAN, JUST THE EXISTENCE OF LIFE, ISN'T THAT SIGNIFICANT?
IN MY OPINION, IT'S A HIGHLY OVERRATED PHENOMENON. MARS GETS ALONG PERFECTLY WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A MICRO-ORGANISM.
SEE: THERE'S THE SOUTH POLE BENEATH US NOW...
NO LIFE. NO LIFE AT ALL, BUT GIANT STEPS, NINETY FEET HIGH, SCOURED BY DUST AND WIND INTO A CONSTANTLY CHANGING TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP, FLOWING AND SHIFTING AROUND THE POLE IN RIPPLES TEN THOUSAND YEARS WIDE.
TELL ME...
WOULD IT BE GREATLY IMPROVED BY AN OIL PIPELINE?
JON, IN THOSE TERMS, SURE, MANKIND HASN'T HELPED THE ENVIRONMENT, BUT AGAINST THAT, YOU HAVE TO MEASURE THE LIVES OF ARTISTS, SCIENTISTS, POETS...
HELL, EVEN MY LIFE. THAT HAS TO BE WORTH SOMETHING...
GOD DAMN, WHY WON'T THIS THING LIGHT?
NOT ENOUGH OXYGEN. I COULD EXTEND YOUR AURA...
SO I CAN FILL IT WITH SMOKE? FORGET IT. I'LL HAVE SOME...UH... MILK, INSTEAD...
LOOK, ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT: WITHOUT LIFE, THERE WOULDN'T EVEN BE AN ENVIRONMENT!
YOUR DEFINITION IS NARROW; LIFE INSISTING ON LIFE'S VIEWPOINT, WHEN ALTERNATIVES EXIST.
THOSE JUMBLED BOX CANYONS BELOW, WHERE VOLCANOES BOILED THE PERMAFROST INTO SCALDING GEYSERS: ONCE THEY COULD HAVE BEEN FOUNTAINS OF LIFE.
13

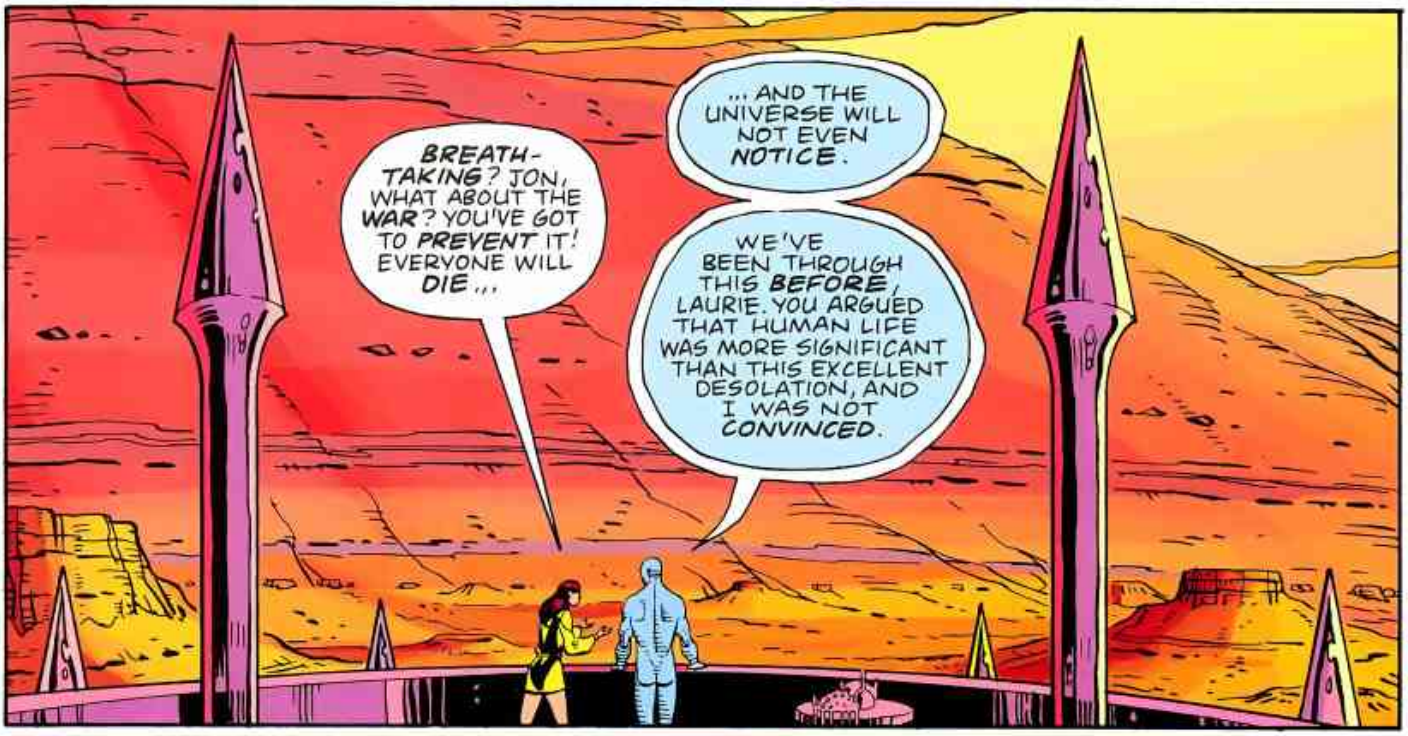

THE GROUND CRUMBLED WHEN THE SUBTERRANEAN ICE MELTED, RELEASING TORRENTS OF WATER TO FORM VAST RIVERS, NOW LONG DRY.
LIFE COULD HAVE FLOURISHED HERE THEN, BUT MARS DID NOT CHOOSE LIFE. IT CHOSE THIS.
IT'S CALLED CHAOTIC TERRAIN.
YEAH? WELL, ORDINARY LIFE; MY LIFE; THAT'S GOT "CHAOTIC TERRAIN" TOO... OR IS THAT TOO ABSTRACT, TOO UNQUANTIFIABLE?
I MEAN, YOU'RE SO FASCINATED BY ROCKS GETTING TWISTED INTO WEIRD SHAPES, JESUS CHRIST, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE I MET YOU!
MY MOTHER, SHE ERODED MY ADOLESCENCE, CHIPPING ME INTO THE SHAPE SHE'D HAVE BEEN IF SHE HADN'T HAD ME.
SHE PUSHED ME INTO ADVENTURING, FUSSING OVER "MY CAREER," TRYING TO LIVE HER LIFE THROUGH ME...
"REMEMBER THAT CRIME-BUSTERS THING IN THE SIXTIES? DID I TELL YOU SHE DROVE ME THERE IN A LIMO, AND WAITED OUTSIDE LIKE IT WAS MY FIRST SCREEN TEST OR SOMETHING?
BLACK UNREST
"I WAS SIXTEEN. I FELT LIKE A JERK.
14

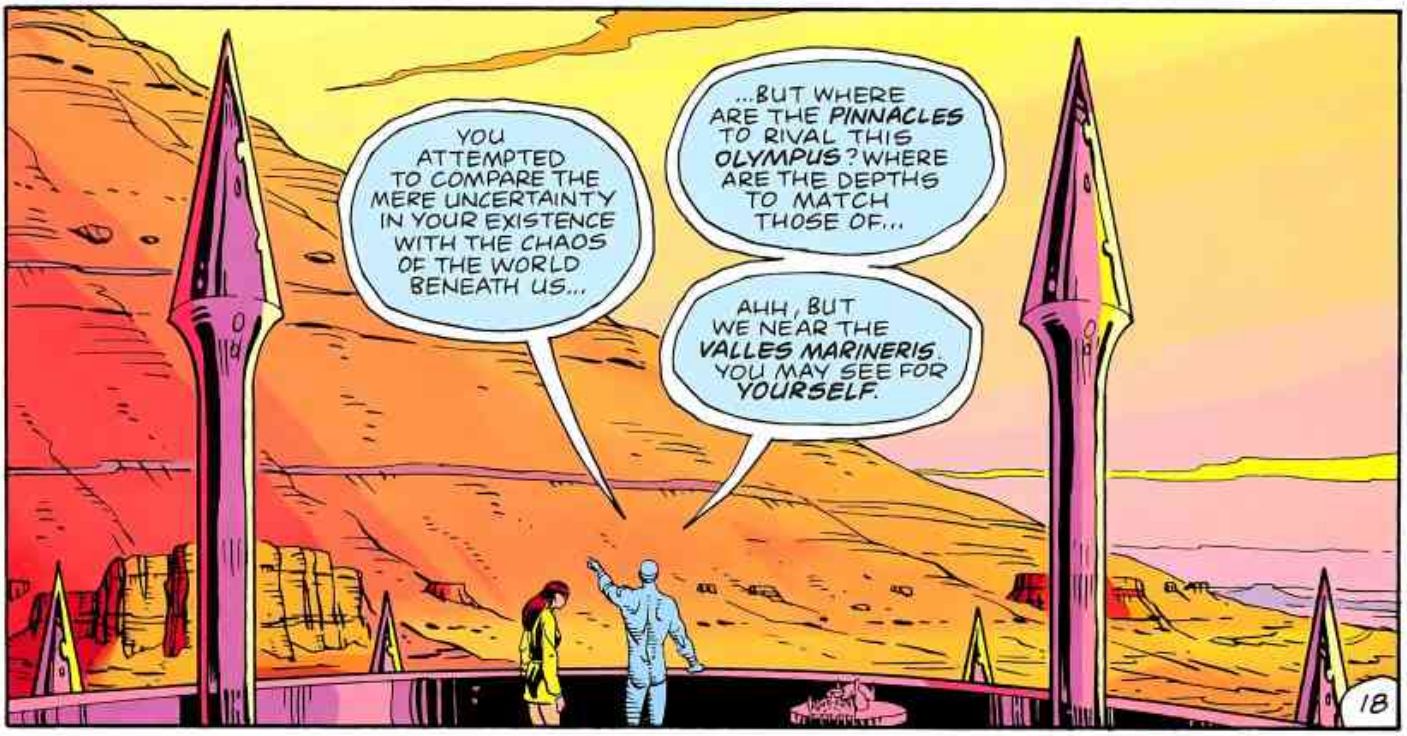
"I REMEMBER STARING AT YOU. I JUST COULDN'T GET USED TO YOU. I MEAN, YOU HAD A GREAT BODY, BUT, Y'KNOW, IT WAS BLUE.
"YOUR GIRLFRIEND, JANEY, SHE GLARED AT ME ALL THE WAY THROUGH.
"THEN IT COLLAPSED: EVERYBODY LEAVING EXCEPT NELSON AND ADRIAN. BIG DISAPPOINTMENT...
"I GUESS I SORTA WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE, SLEEPING WITH YOU, BUT YOU SEEMED KINDA SPOKEN FOR. NOBODY ELSE THERE INTERESTED ME.
"OUTSIDE, I WATCHED THEM GO: DAN IN HIS SHIP, RORSCHACH SNEAKING AWAY INTO THE BUSHES. HE GAVE ME THE CREEPS.
"I FELT LET DOWN, RESTLESS, HORNY AND I NEEDED A CIGARETTE. I WAS LEAVING NELSON'S MANSION...
"...WHEN SOMEBODY CALLED MY NAME."
LAUREL? LAUREL JANE, IS THAT RIGHT?
SO YOU'RE SALLY'S KID?
UH, YEAH. YEAH. YOU'RE THE COMEDIAN. I CAUGHT YOUR ACT IN THERE. YOU WERE PRETTY COOL.
WELL YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU GREW UP TOO BAD YOURSELF. HERE... LEMME TAKE A LOOK...
HEH. YEAH, THERE'S HER EYES... EVEN GOT THAT FUNNY LITTLE MOLE...
YOU AIN'T GOT HER HAIR, BUT OTHERWISE, YOU'RE LIKE HER. YOU'RE A LOOKER.
WELL, UH, THANK YOU.
UH, SAY, I NEED A CIGARETTE, BUT I DON'T HAVE A LIGHT. DO YOU...?
SURE. HEY, LISTEN, YOUR MOM: SHE TALK ABOUT ME MUCH?
NO. NOT MUCH.
HEH. IT FIGURES. HERE'S YOUR LIGHT. I...
HELL. GONE OUT. HERE, LEMME...
IT'S OKAY. I'LL STEADY IT.
THERE. THAT'S BETTER.
YOU TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER!
15

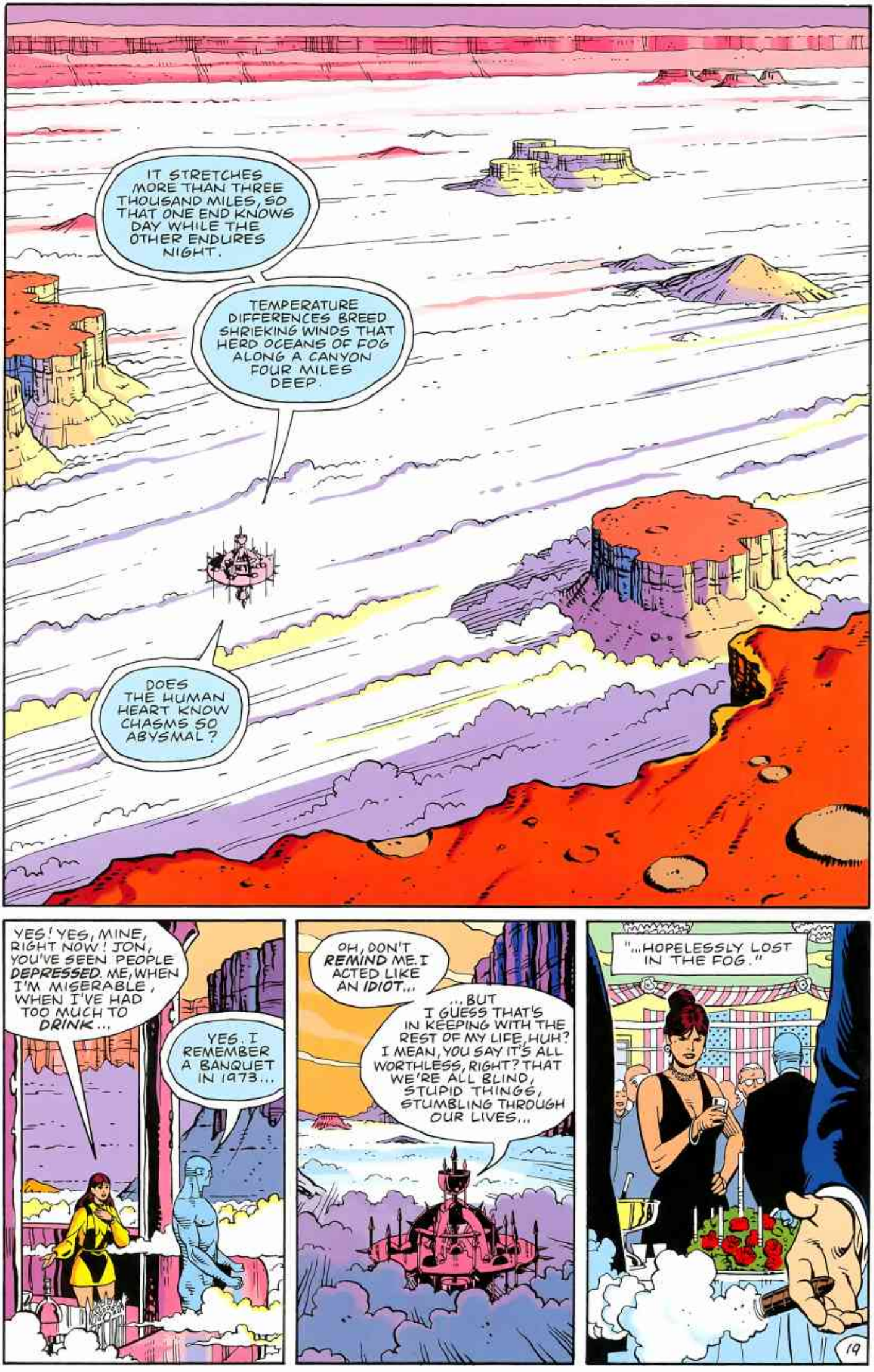
HI, SAL. LONG TIME NO SEE.
NOT LONG ENOUGH IN MY BOOK, EDDIE.
LAUREL JANE, YOU PUT THAT THING OUT AND COME HERE IMMEDIATELY. WE'RE GOING HOME.
...AND AS FOR YOU, ARE THERE NO DEPTHS YOU WON'T SINK TO?
CHRIST, WE WERE JUST TALKING! CAN'T A GUY TALK TO HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER? I MEAN, WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
I KNOW. WHAT YOU ARE, EDWARD BLAKE. I'VE KNOWN WHAT YOU WERE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET THAT.
GET IN THE CAR, LAURIE.
SALLY, LISTEN, I THOUGHT WE'D SETTLED ALL THAT A LONG TIME AGO.
NO. THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T EVER GET SETTLED. NOT COMPLETELY...
I SAID GET IN THE CAR, GIRL!
...AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO HAPPEN TO MY DAUGHTER.
GOODBYE, EDDIE.
"WE DROVE AWAY IN SILENCE. I LOOKED BACK AND HE JUST STOOD THERE, WATCHING US GO. HE LOOKED SAD. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.
"OF COURSE, THEN I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE BASTARD HAD DONE!
"THAT'S WHY MOM WAS SO PROTECTIVE. IT HAD BROUGHT BACK ALL THOSE TERRIBLE MEMORIES.
"WE DROVE THREE BLOCKS AND THEN SHE PULLED THE CAR OVER AND JUST SAT THERE...
"... AND IT ALL CAME POURING OUT."
HER PAIN, HER FEARS, HER WHOLE LIFE, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN, ORDINARY PEOPLE, RIGHT? ALL THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO THEM...
DOESN'T THAT MOVE YOU MORE THAN A BUNCH OF RUBBLE?
16


NO.
I READ ATOMS, LAURIE. I SEE THE ANCIENT SPECTACLE THAT BIRTHED THE RUBBLE. BESIDE THIS, HUMAN LIFE IS BRIEF AND MUNDANE.
OH, I GIVE UP. THIS IS JUST ROUND IN CIRCLES! CAN'T YOU TELL ME HOW THIS CONVERSATION ENDS AND SPARE ME THE AGONY?
IT ENDS WITH YOU IN TEARS... LOOK THERE: OLYMPUS MONS APPROACHES!
I RETURN TO EARTH AT SOME POINT IN MY FUTURE. THERE ARE STREETS FULL OF CORPSES. THE DETAILS ARE VAGUE.
TEARS? Y-YOU MEAN I LOSE? YOU MEAN YOU DON'T COME BACK TO EARTH?
I'M NOT SURE. THERE'S SOME SORT OF STATIC OBSCURING THE FUTURE, PREVENTING ANY CLEAR IMPRESSION.
THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE OF A MASS WARHEAD DETONATION MIGHT CONCEIVABLY CAUSE THAT...
NO. OH NO! JON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "VAGUE"? THERE'S GONNA BE A WAR? A REAL WAR? OH GOD...


OH NO.
BEYOND THAT, EVENTS GROW EVEN SKETCHIER: I AM STANDING IN DEEP SNOW... I AM KILLING SOMEONE. THEIR IDENTITY IS UNCERTAIN.
LOOK AT IT: A VOLCANO AS LARGE AS MISSOURI, ITS SUMMIT FIFTEEN MILES HIGH, PIERCING EVEN THE ATMOSPHERIC BLANKET.
BREATHTAKING.


BREATH-TAKING? JON, WHAT ABOUT THE WAR? YOU'VE GOT TO PREVENT IT! EVERYONE WILL DIE...
... AND THE UNIVERSE WILL NOT EVEN NOTICE.
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE, LAURIE. YOU ARGUED THAT HUMAN LIFE WAS MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN THIS EXCELLENT DESOLATION, AND I WAS NOT CONVINCED.


YOU ATTEMPTED TO COMPARE THE MERE UNCERTAINTY IN YOUR EXISTENCE WITH THE CHAOS OF THE WORLD BENEATH US...
...BUT WHERE ARE THE PINNACLES TO RIVAL THIS OLYMPUS? WHERE ARE THE DEPTHS TO MATCH THOSE OF...
AHH, BUT WE NEAR THE VALLES MARINERIS. YOU MAY SEE FOR YOURSELF.


IT STRETCHES MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND MILES, SO THAT ONE END KNOWS DAY WHILE THE OTHER ENDURES NIGHT.
TEMPERATURE DIFFERENCES BREED SHRIEKING WINDS THAT HERD OCEANS OF FOG ALONG A CANYON FOUR MILES DEEP.
DOES THE HUMAN HEART KNOW CHASMS SO ABYSMAL?
YES! YES, MINE, RIGHT NOW! JON, YOU'VE SEEN PEOPLE DEPRESSED. ME, WHEN I'M MISERABLE, WHEN I'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK...
YES. I REMEMBER A BANQUET IN 1973...
OH, DON'T REMIND ME. I ACTED LIKE AN IDIOT...
...BUT I GUESS THAT'S IN KEEPING WITH THE REST OF MY LIFE, HUH? I MEAN, YOU SAY IT'S ALL WORTHLESS, RIGHT? THAT WE'RE ALL BLIND, STUPID THINGS, STUMBLING THROUGH OUR LIVES...
"...HOPELESSLY LOST IN THE FOG."
19

"THE FOG I WAS LOST IN THAT NIGHT WAS SCOTCH MIST. I MUST HAVE DRUNK HALF A BOTTLE.

"IT WAS A DINNER IN HONOR OF **BLAKE**. I REMEMBER THINKING '**WHY**?' Y'KNOW? JUST '*WHY*?'

"WHY ALL THIS SUDDEN **POPULARITY**? **NIXON** WASN'T THERE, BUT EVERYBODY ELSE WAS: FORD, LIDDY, AL HAIG... NO...WAIT, HAIG QUIT BEFORE THEN, DIDN'T HE?

"THERE WERE CAMERAS. FORD SHOOK BLAKE'S HAND. EVERYBODY SEEMED REAL PLEASED WITH HIM...

"... BUT NOT ME.

"SEE, BY THEN I'D READ '*UNDER THE HOOD*,' ABOUT HIM ASSAULTING MY MOM. THAT BANQUET, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN HIM SINCE I FOUND OUT...

"...AND I WAS MEAN DRUNK.

"EVERYBODY WAS **TALKING**..."

SEE THOSE **POST REPORTERS** THEY FOUND IN THAT **GARAGE**? WOODWARD AND WHAT'S HIS NAME? JEWISH NAME...

BERNSTEIN. YEAH, I UNDERSTAND THE UNDERGROUND PAPERS ARE ALREADY YELLING **CONSPIRACY**.

WELL, EDDIE? ANY OPINIONS?

THAT PIECE IN THE **BERKELEY BARB**? WELL, I GUESS YOU SMOKE ENOUGH **WEED** YOU CAN IMAGINE ALMOST **ANYTHING**.

NAH...I'M CLEAN, GUYS. JUST DON'T ASK WHERE I WAS WHEN I HEARD ABOUT J.F.K.

HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA! THAT'S **GOOD**! DICK'LL LOVE THAT.

Y'KNOW, ED, YOU'RE OKAY. SOMEBODY A GUY CAN **RELAX** WITH... NOT GIVING EVERYBODY THE CREEPS LIKE GODDAMN **MR. SPOCK** OVER THERE...

SHH.

MISS **JUSPECZYK**. GOOD TO SEE YOU.

"**JUSPECZYK**," WHAT'S THAT? GRANDMOTHER'S NAME? DIDN'T LIKE **JUPITER**, HUH?

DIDN'T TAKE YOUR OLD MAN'S NAME EITHER...

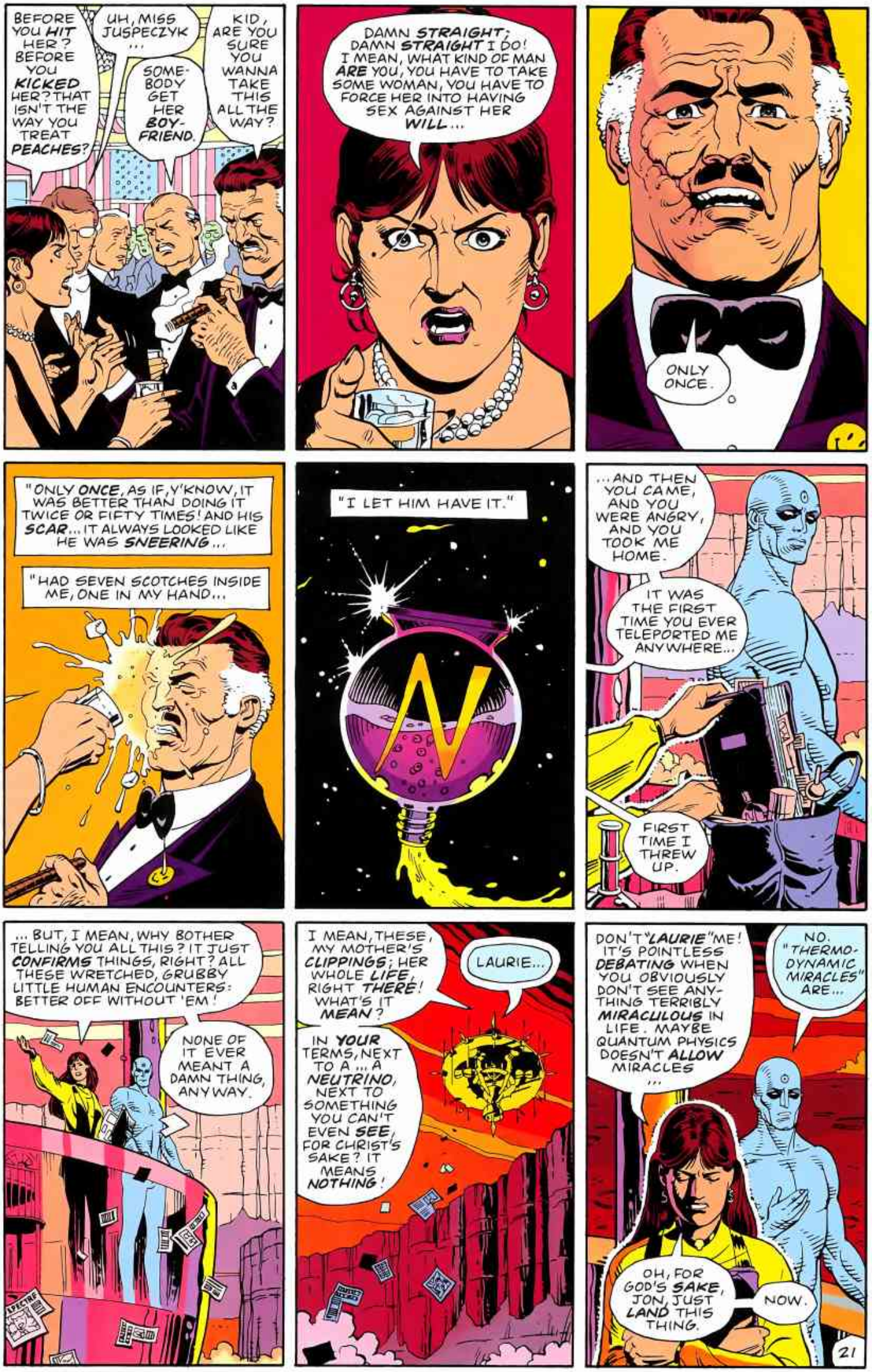
WHAT'S MY NAME TO YOU?

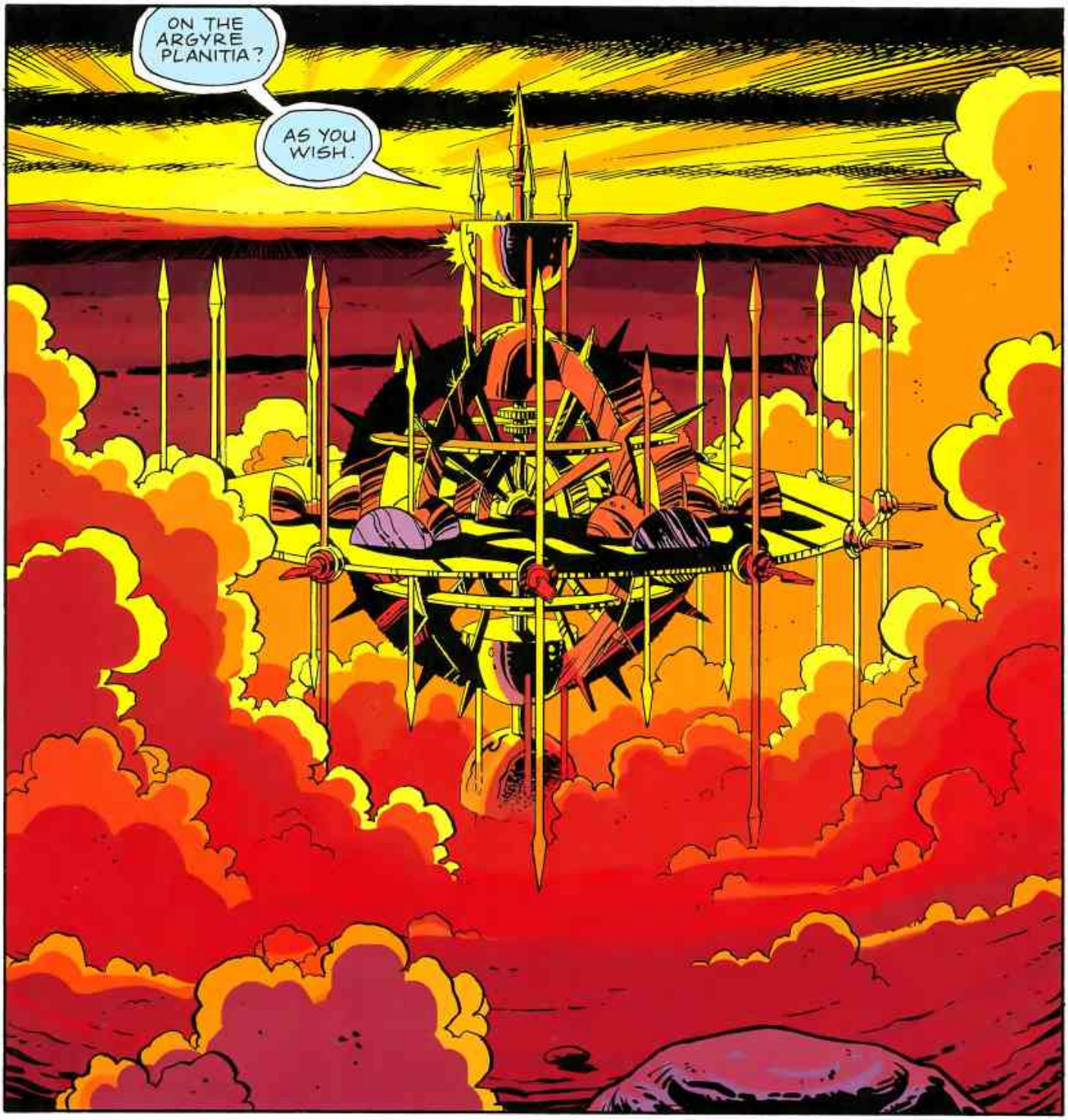
NOTHING.

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE A PRETTY GIRL. I JUST GOTTA LOOK AT YOU, I SEE YOUR MOM. HEH...

Y'KNOW, YOUR MOTHER, SHE WAS A **PEACH**...

IS THAT WHAT YOU TOLD HER BEFORE YOU TRIED TO RAPE HER?

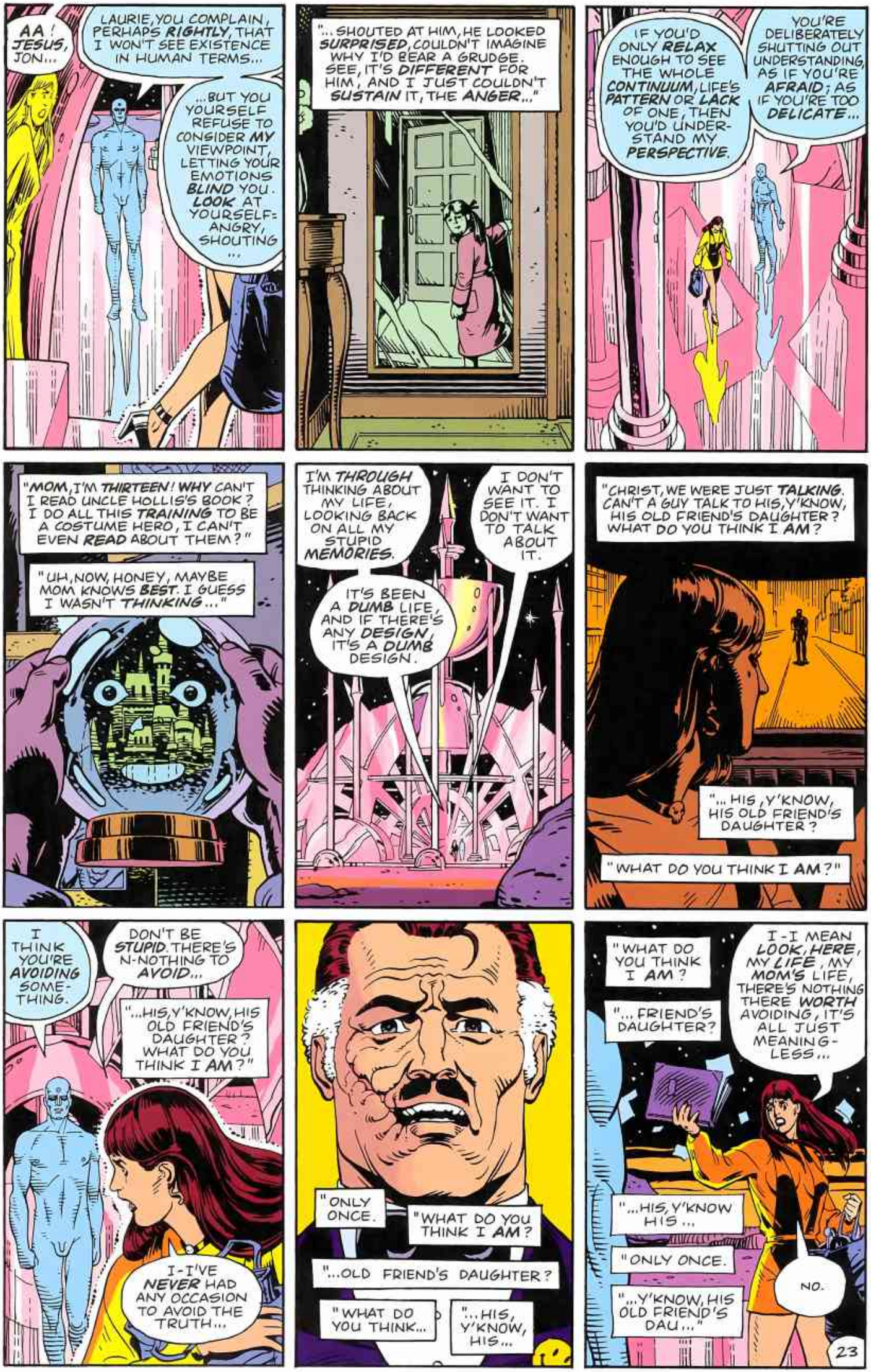

BEFORE YOU HIT HER? BEFORE YOU KICKED HER? THAT ISN'T THE WAY YOU TREAT PEACHES?
UH, MISS JUSPECZYK ...
SOMEBODY GET HER BOYFRIEND.
KID, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANNA TAKE THIS ALL THE WAY?
DAMN STRAIGHT; DAMN STRAIGHT I DO! I MEAN, WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU, YOU HAVE TO TAKE SOME WOMAN, YOU HAVE TO FORCE HER INTO HAVING SEX AGAINST HER WILL...
ONLY ONCE.
"ONLY ONCE, AS IF, Y'KNOW, IT WAS BETTER THAN DOING IT TWICE OR FIFTY TIMES! AND HIS SCAR... IT ALWAYS LOOKED LIKE HE WAS SNEERING...
"HAD SEVEN SCOTCHES INSIDE ME, ONE IN MY HAND...
"I LET HIM HAVE IT."
...AND THEN YOU CAME, AND YOU WERE ANGRY, AND YOU TOOK ME HOME.
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER TELEPORTED ME ANYWHERE...
FIRST TIME I THREW UP.
... BUT, I MEAN, WHY BOTHER TELLING YOU ALL THIS? IT JUST CONFIRMS THINGS, RIGHT? ALL THESE WRETCHED, GRUBBY LITTLE HUMAN ENCOUNTERS: BETTER OFF WITHOUT 'EM!
NONE OF IT EVER MEANT A DAMN THING, ANYWAY.
I MEAN, THESE, MY MOTHER'S CLIPPINGS; HER WHOLE LIFE, RIGHT THERE! WHAT'S IT MEAN?
LAURIE...
IN YOUR TERMS, NEXT TO A ... A NEUTRINO, NEXT TO SOMETHING YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE? IT MEANS NOTHING!
DON'T "LAURIE" ME! IT'S POINTLESS DEBATING WHEN YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T SEE ANYTHING TERRIBLY MIRACULOUS IN LIFE. MAYBE QUANTUM PHYSICS DOESN'T ALLOW MIRACLES ...
NO. "THERMODYNAMIC MIRACLES" ARE...
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, JON, JUST LAND THIS THING.
NOW.
21

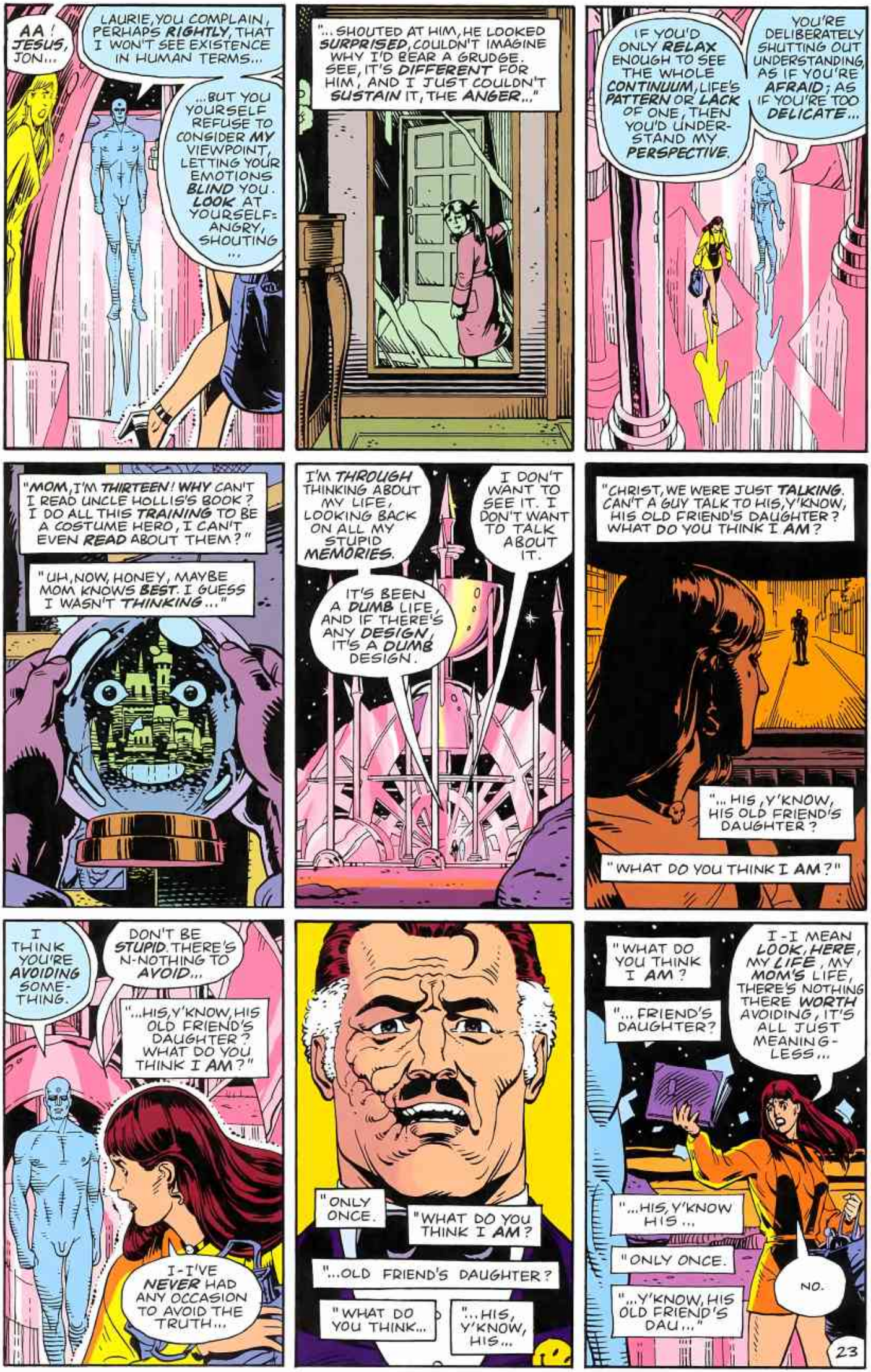

ON THE ARGYRE PLANITIA?
AS YOU WISH.

THERE. OKAY. THAT'S IT.
YOU CAN TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH TO FRY WITH DAN AND MY MOM AND ALL US OTHER WORTHLESS HUMANS. THE CONVERSATION'S OVER...

...AND LISTEN, YOU WERE WRONG, SEE? YOU SAID IT ENDED WITH ME IN TEARS, AND LOOK AT ME: NOT A MOIST EYE IN SIGHT!
YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT THAT. MAYBE ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS ...

I MEAN, MAYBE YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT THE STREETS FULL OF CORPSES TOO!
JON? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
PERFECTLY.


AA! JESUS, JON...
LAURIE, YOU COMPLAIN, PERHAPS RIGHTLY, THAT I WON'T SEE EXISTENCE IN HUMAN TERMS...
...BUT YOU YOURSELF REFUSE TO CONSIDER MY VIEWPOINT, LETTING YOUR EMOTIONS BLIND YOU. LOOK AT YOURSELF: ANGRY, SHOUTING ...
"... SHOUTED AT HIM, HE LOOKED SURPRISED, COULDN'T IMAGINE WHY I'D BEAR A GRUDGE. SEE, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR HIM, AND I JUST COULDN'T SUSTAIN IT, THE ANGER..."
IF YOU'D ONLY RELAX ENOUGH TO SEE THE WHOLE CONTINUUM, LIFE'S PATTERN OR LACK OF ONE, THEN YOU'D UNDERSTAND MY PERSPECTIVE.
YOU'RE DELIBERATELY SHUTTING OUT UNDERSTANDING, AS IF YOU'RE AFRAID; AS IF YOU'RE TOO DELICATE...
"MOM, I'M THIRTEEN! WHY CAN'T I READ UNCLE HOLLIS'S BOOK? I DO ALL THIS TRAINING TO BE A COSTUME HERO, I CAN'T EVEN READ ABOUT THEM?"
"UH, NOW, HONEY, MAYBE MOM KNOWS BEST. I GUESS I WASN'T THINKING..."
I'M THROUGH THINKING ABOUT MY LIFE, LOOKING BACK ON ALL MY STUPID MEMORIES.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT. I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
IT'S BEEN A DUMB LIFE, AND IF THERE'S ANY DESIGN, IT'S A DUMB DESIGN.
"CHRIST, WE WERE JUST TALKING. CAN'T A GUY TALK TO HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER? WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
"... HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER?
"WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?"
I THINK YOU'RE AVOIDING SOMETHING.
DON'T BE STUPID. THERE'S N-NOTHING TO AVOID...
"...HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER? WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?"
I-I'VE NEVER HAD ANY OCCASION TO AVOID THE TRUTH...
"ONLY ONCE.
"WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
"...OLD FRIEND'S DAUGHTER?
"WHAT DO YOU THINK...
"...HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS...
"WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?
"... FRIEND'S DAUGHTER?
I-I MEAN LOOK, HERE, MY LIFE, MY MOM'S LIFE, THERE'S NOTHING THERE WORTH AVOIDING, IT'S ALL JUST MEANINGLESS...
"...HIS, Y'KNOW HIS...
"ONLY ONCE.
"...Y'KNOW, HIS OLD FRIEND'S DAU..."
NO.
23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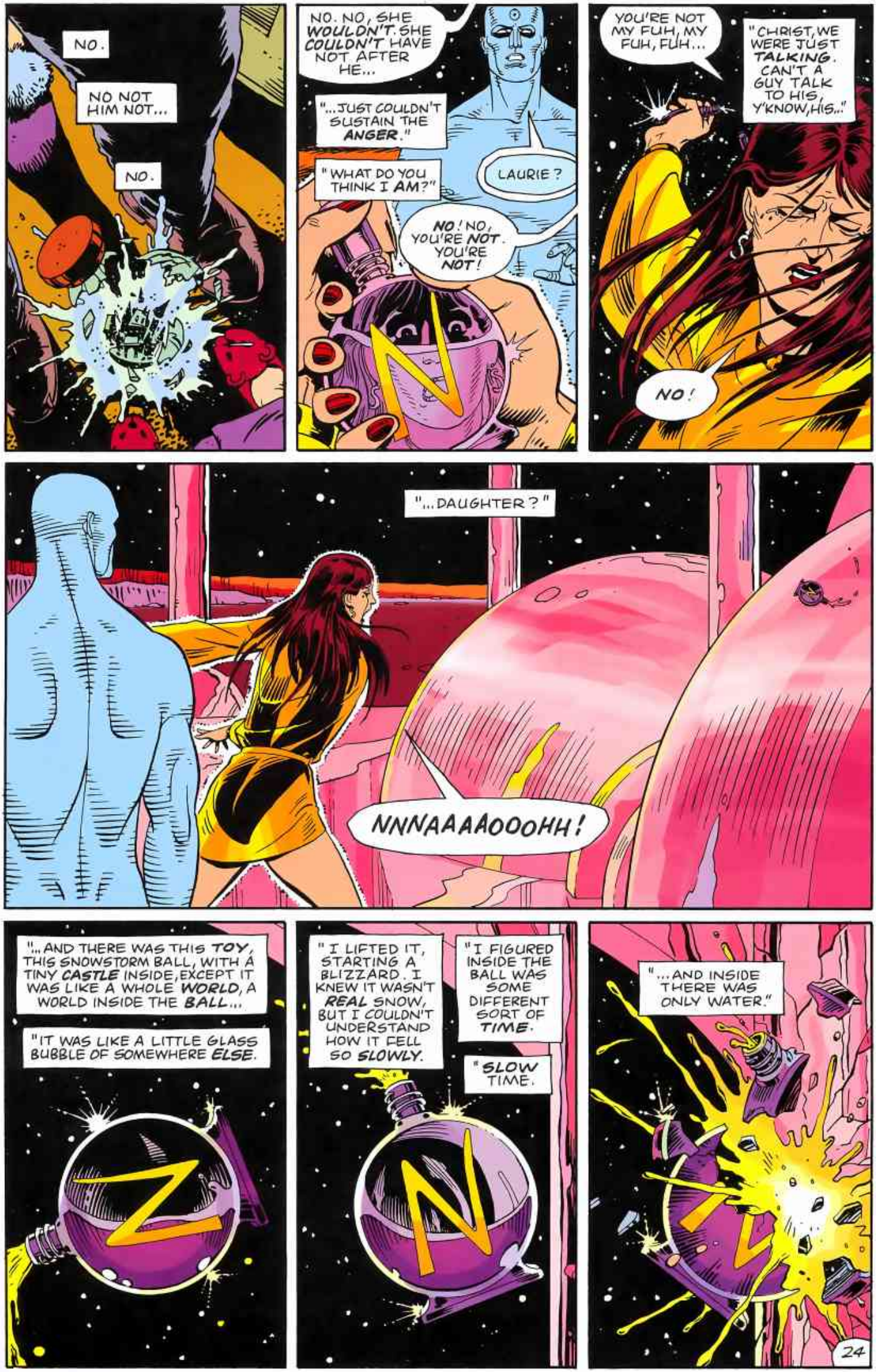
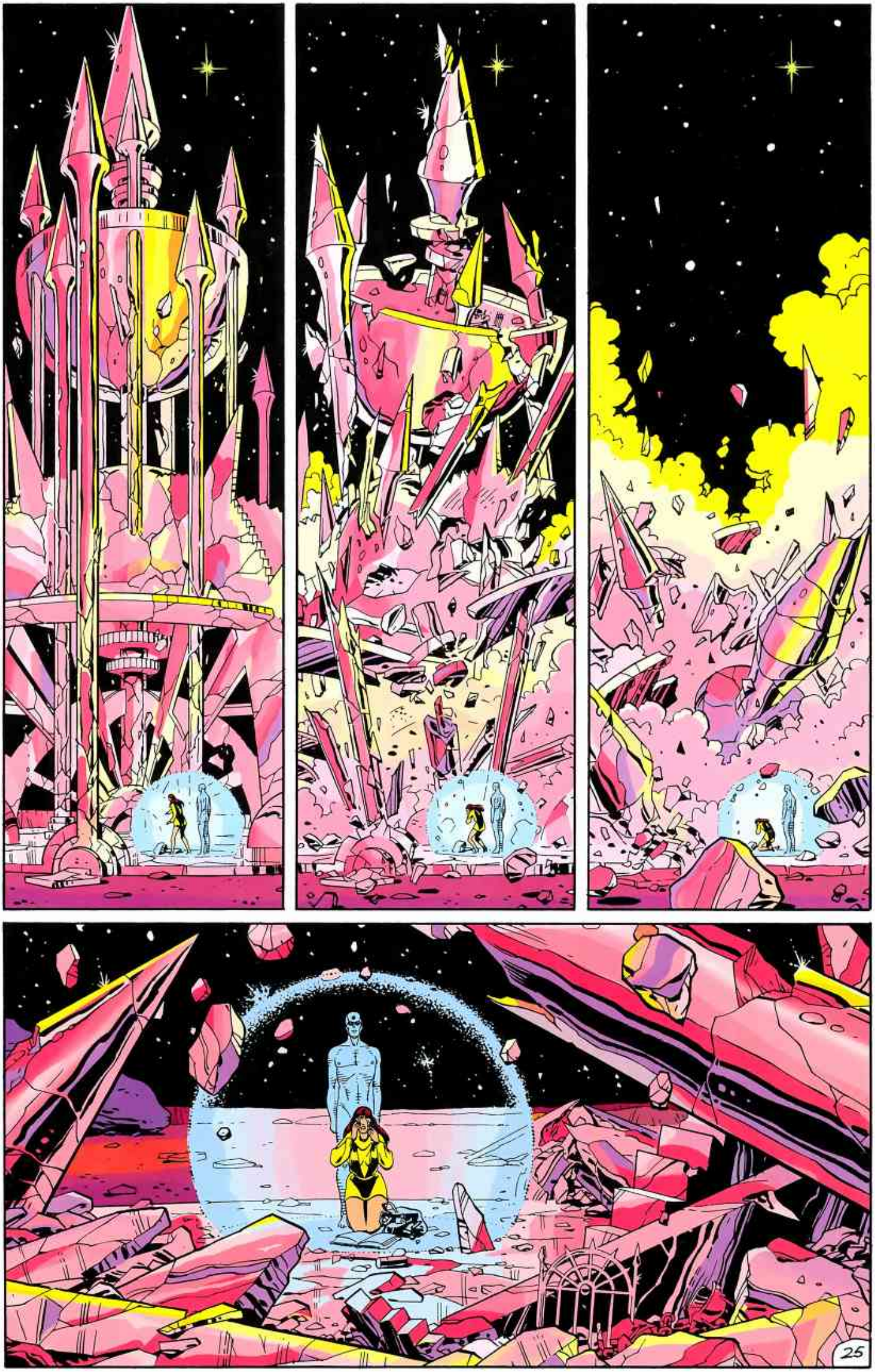
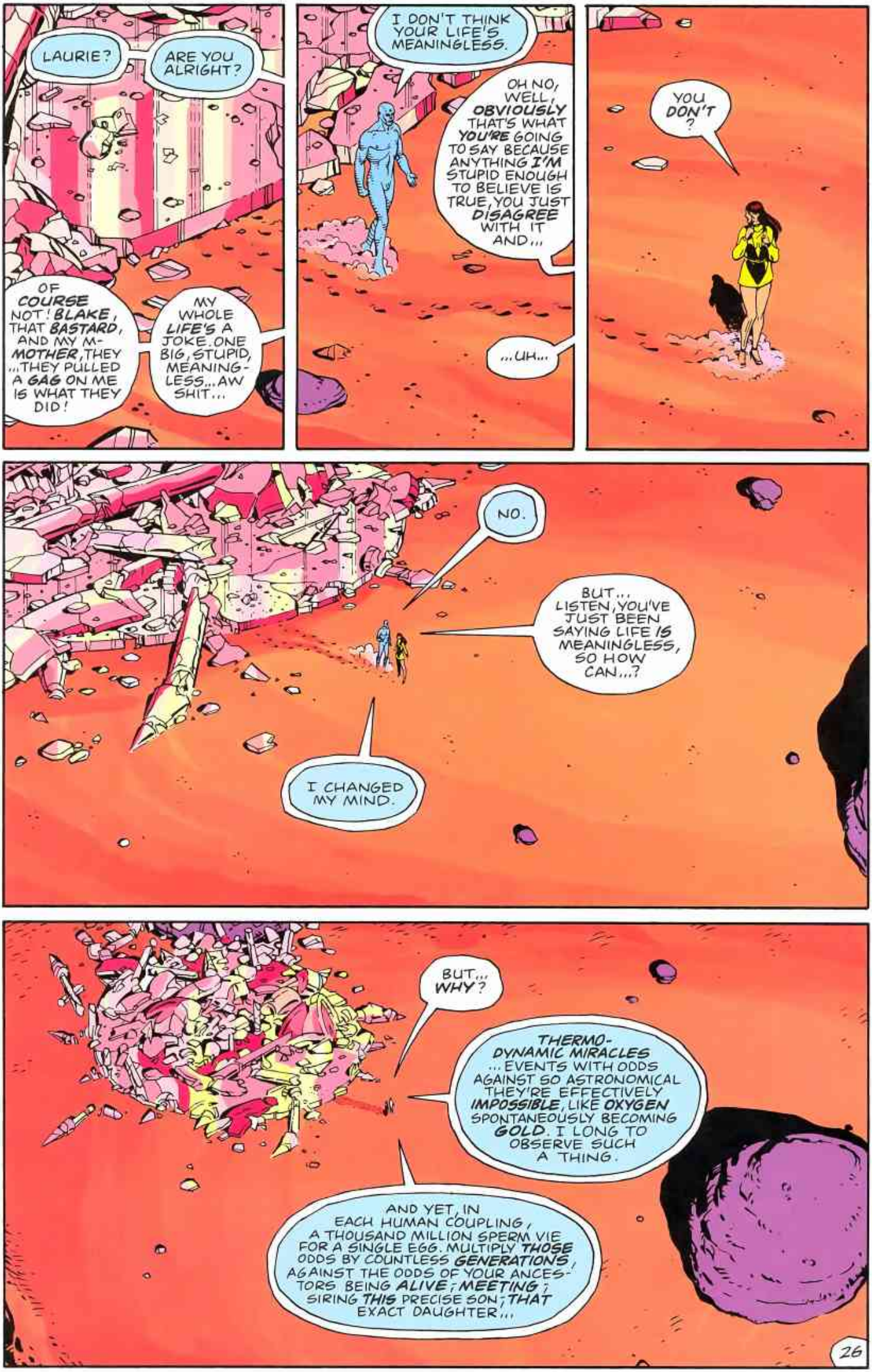
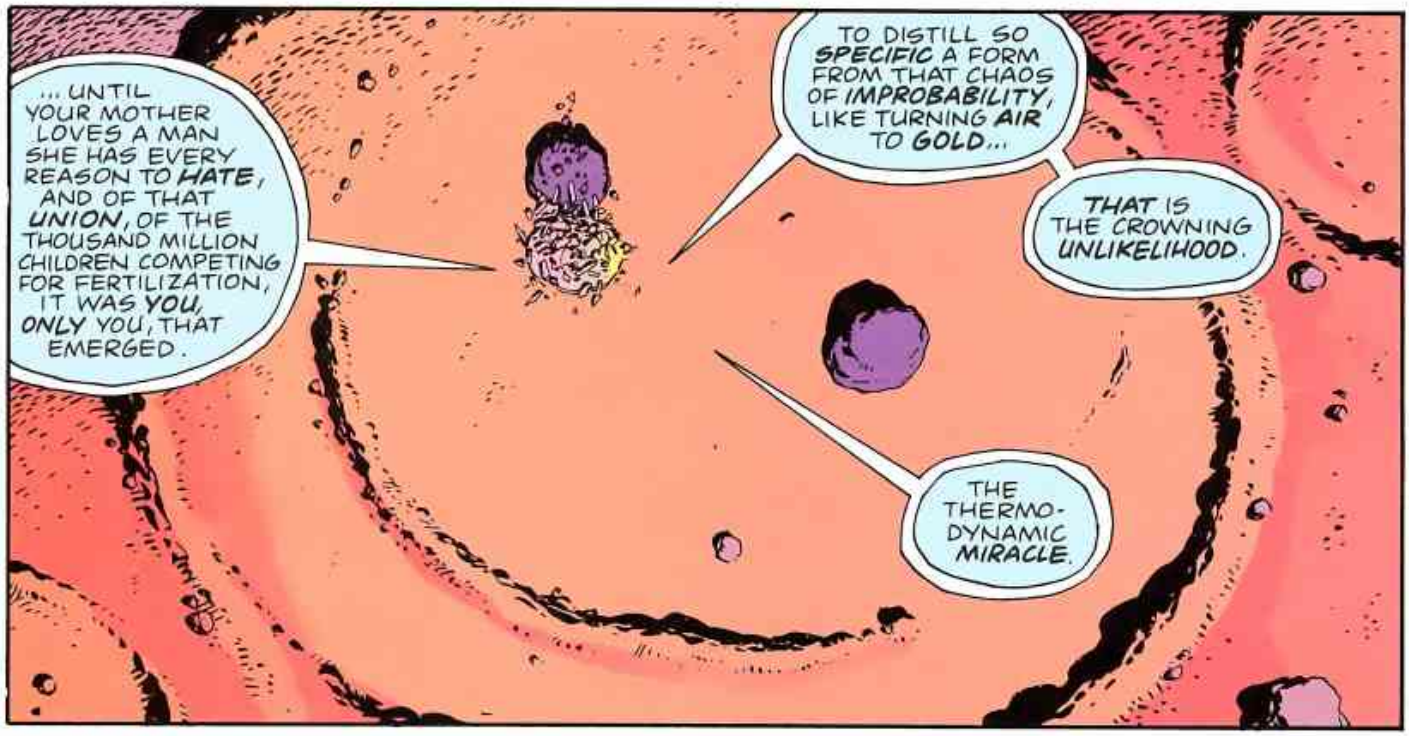
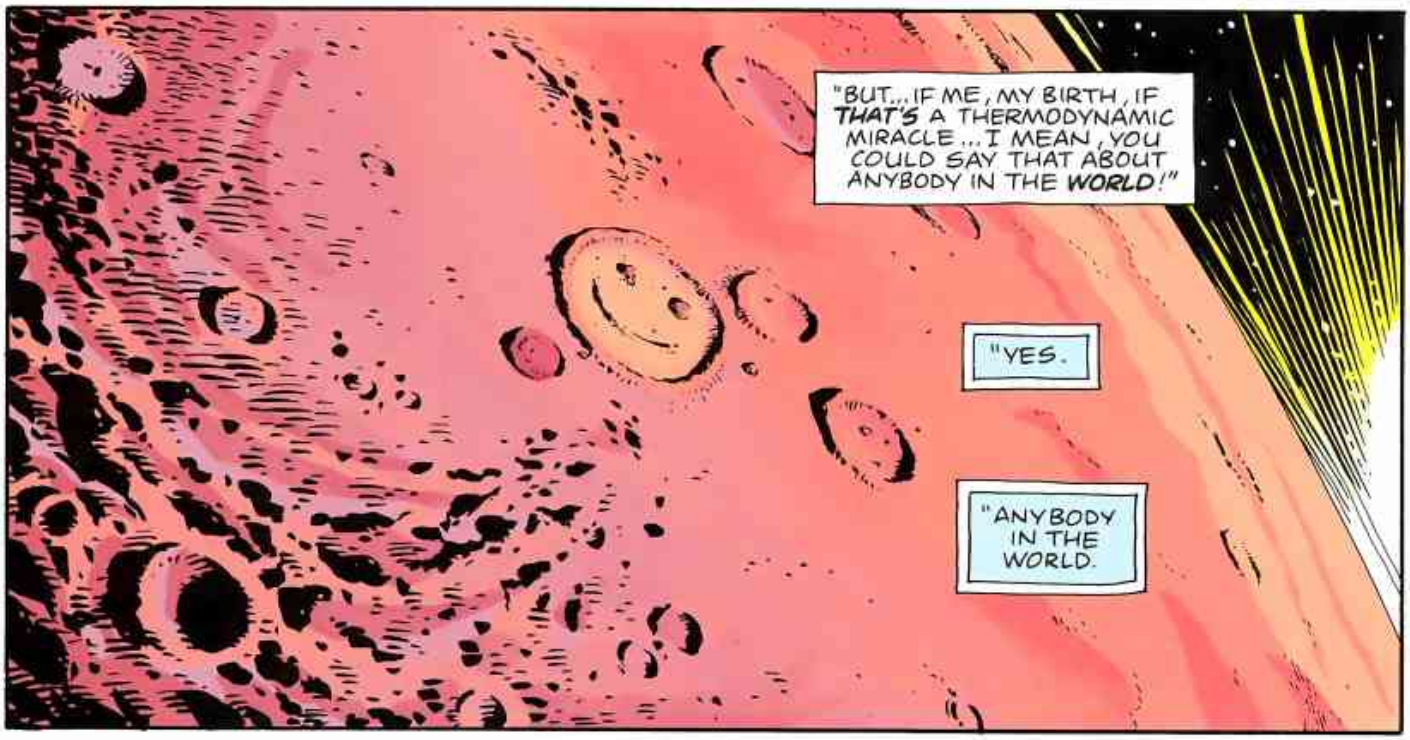
23

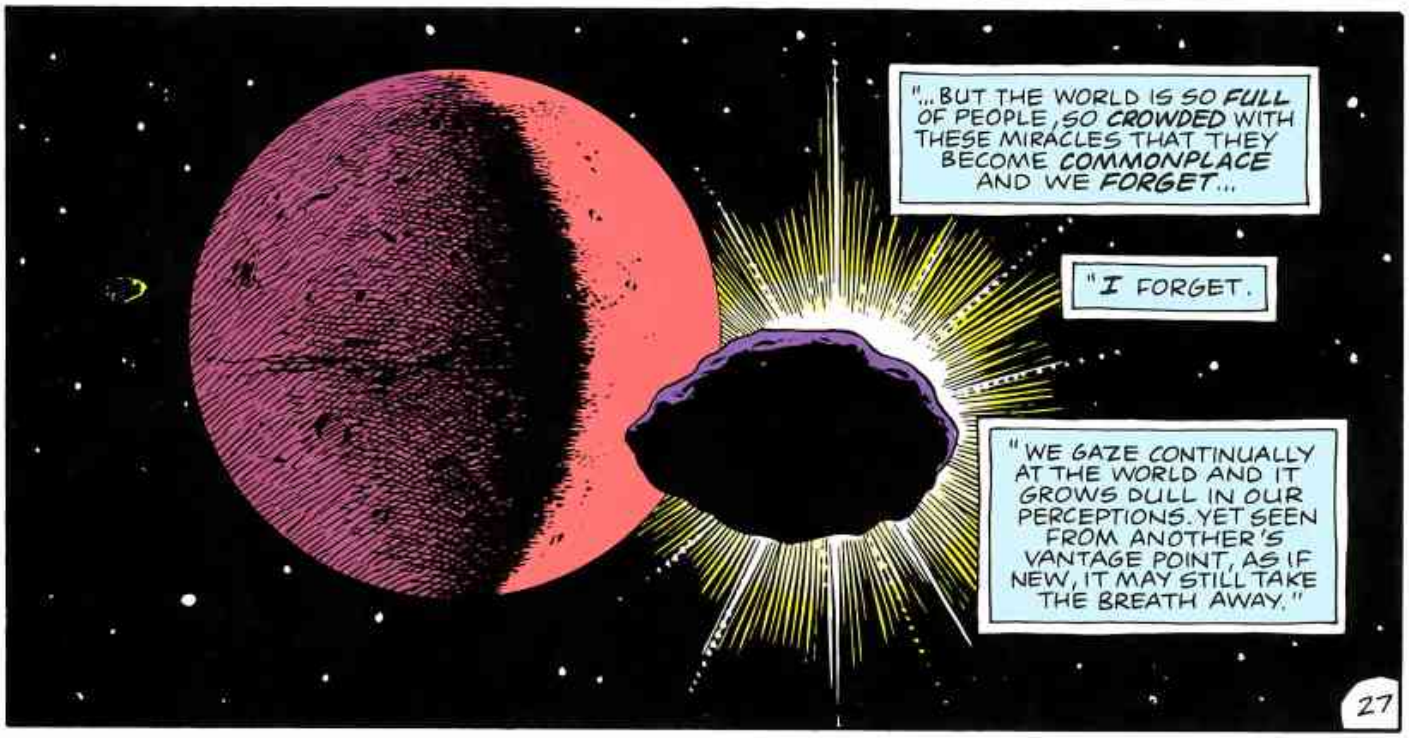

NO.
NO NOT HIM NOT...
NO.
NO. NO, SHE WOULDN'T. SHE COULDN'T HAVE NOT AFTER HE...
"...JUST COULDN'T SUSTAIN THE ANGER."
"WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM?"
LAURIE?
NO! NO, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE NOT!
YOU'RE NOT MY FUH, MY FUH, FUH...
"CHRIST, WE WERE JUST TALKING. CAN'T A GUY TALK TO HIS, Y'KNOW, HIS..."
NO!
"...DAUGHTER?"
NNNAAAAOOOHH!
"...AND THERE WAS THIS TOY, THIS SNOWSTORM BALL, WITH A TINY CASTLE INSIDE, EXCEPT IT WAS LIKE A WHOLE WORLD, A WORLD INSIDE THE BALL...
"IT WAS LIKE A LITTLE GLASS BUBBLE OF SOMEWHERE ELSE.
"I LIFTED IT, STARTING A BLIZZARD. I KNEW IT WASN'T REAL SNOW, BUT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT FELL SO SLOWLY.
"I FIGURED INSIDE THE BALL WAS SOME DIFFERENT SORT OF TIME.
"SLOW TIME.
"...AND INSIDE THERE WAS ONLY WATER."
24

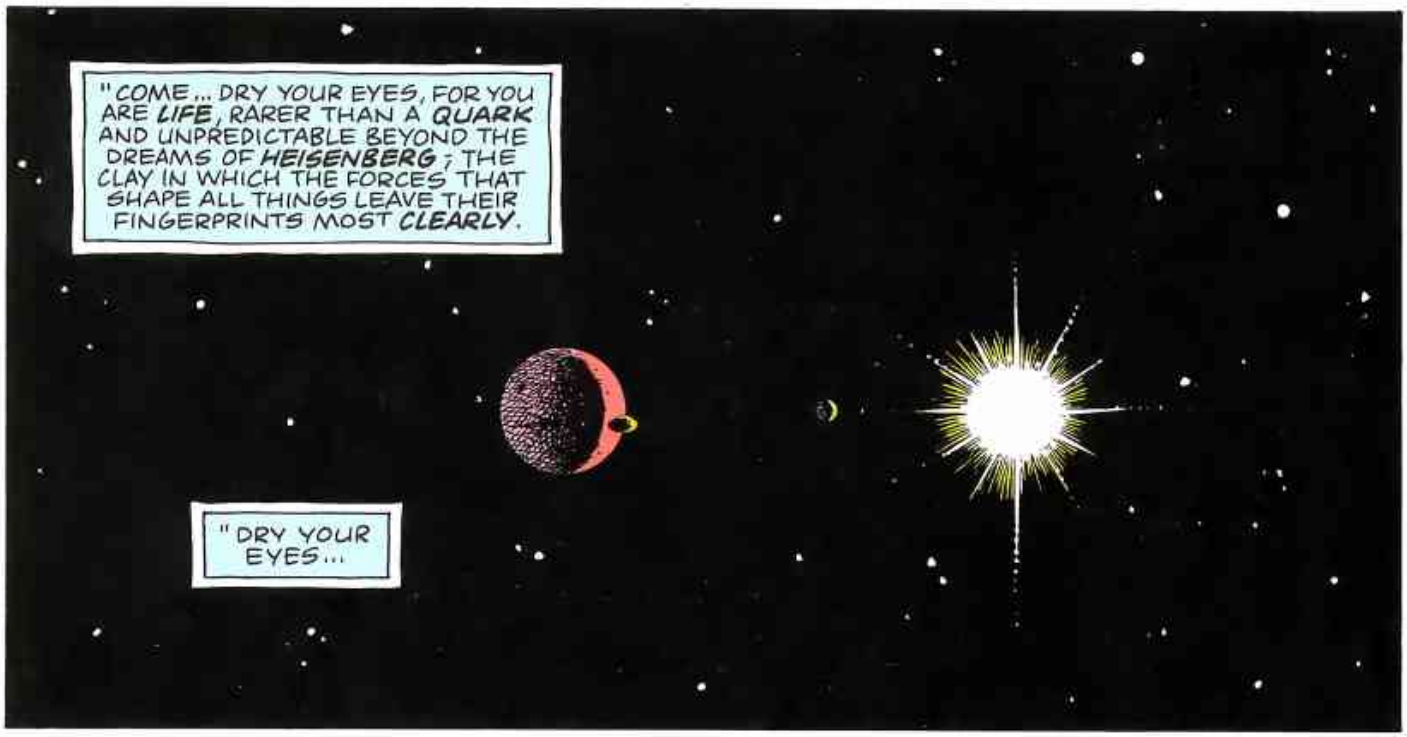


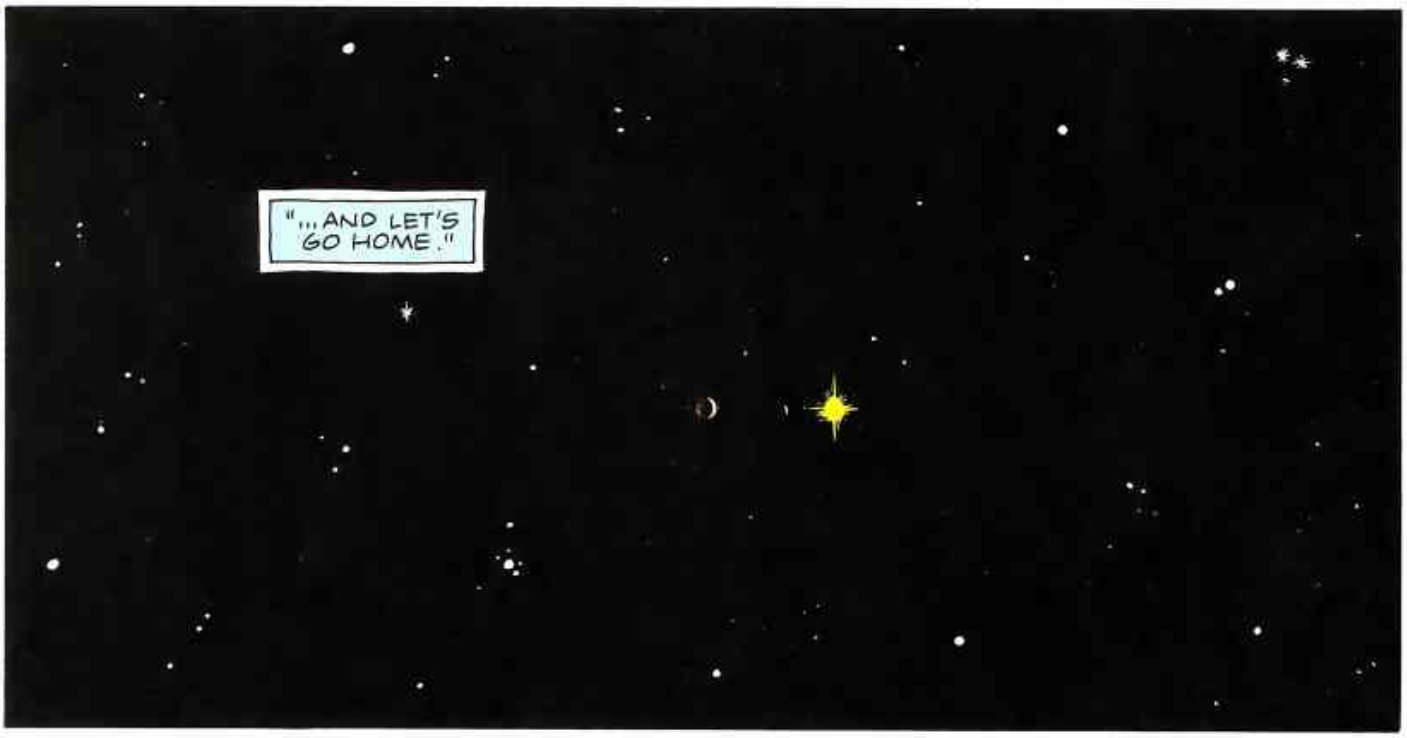

LAURIE?
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
OF COURSE NOT! BLAKE, THAT BASTARD, AND MY M-MOTHER, THEY ...THEY PULLED A GAG ON ME IS WHAT THEY DID!
MY WHOLE LIFE'S A JOKE. ONE BIG, STUPID, MEANINGLESS... AW SHIT...
I DON'T THINK YOUR LIFE'S MEANINGLESS.
OH NO, WELL, OBVIOUSLY THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY BECAUSE ANYTHING I'M STUPID ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IS TRUE, YOU JUST DISAGREE WITH IT AND...
...UH...
YOU DON'T?
NO.
BUT... LISTEN, YOU'VE JUST BEEN SAYING LIFE IS MEANINGLESS, SO HOW CAN...?
I CHANGED MY MIND.
BUT... WHY?
THERMO-DYNAMIC MIRACLES ... EVENTS WITH ODDS AGAINST SO ASTRONOMICAL THEY'RE EFFECTIVELY IMPOSSIBLE, LIKE OXYGEN SPONTANEOUSLY BECOMING GOLD. I LONG TO OBSERVE SUCH A THING.
AND YET, IN EACH HUMAN COUPLING, A THOUSAND MILLION SPERM VIE FOR A SINGLE EGG. MULTIPLY THOSE ODDS BY COUNTLESS GENERATIONS, AGAINST THE ODDS OF YOUR ANCESTORS BEING ALIVE; MEETING; SIRING THIS PRECISE SON; THAT EXACT DAUGHTER...

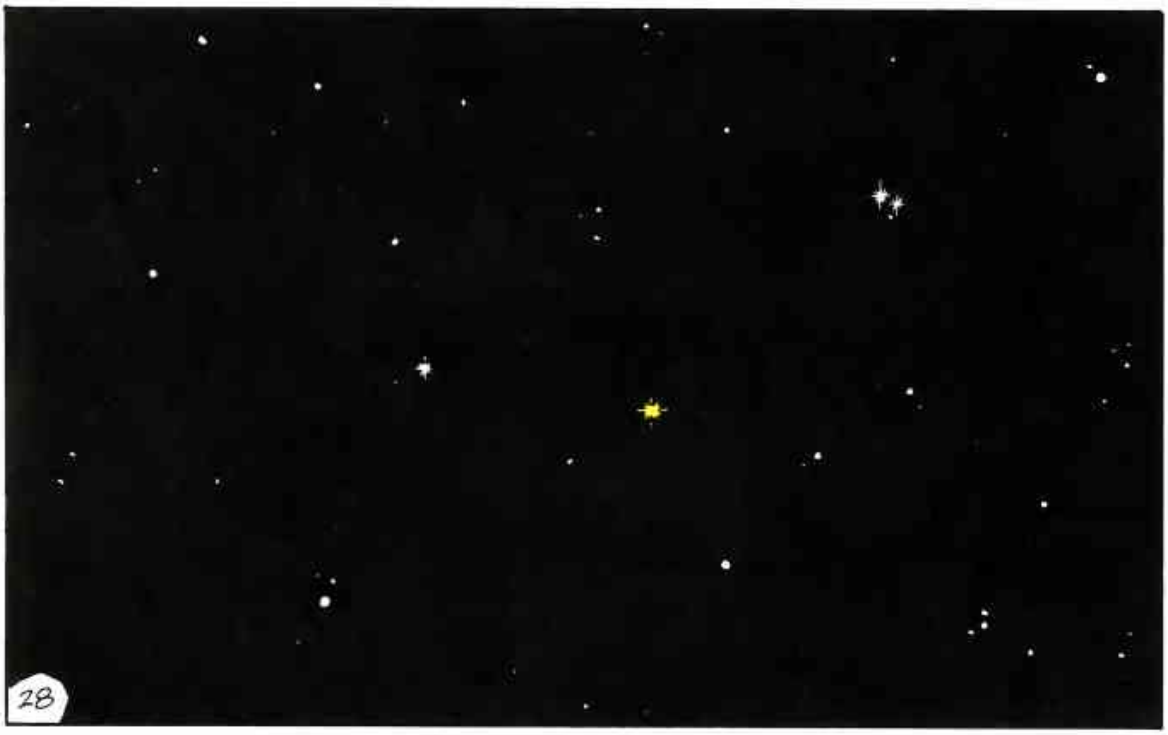

... UNTIL YOUR MOTHER LOVES A MAN SHE HAS EVERY REASON TO HATE, AND OF THAT UNION, OF THE THOUSAND MILLION CHILDREN COMPETING FOR FERTILIZATION, IT WAS YOU, ONLY YOU, THAT EMERGED.
TO DISTILL SO SPECIFIC A FORM FROM THAT CHAOS OF IMPROBABILITY, LIKE TURNING AIR TO GOLD...
THAT IS THE CROWNING UNLIKELIHOOD.
THE THERMO-DYNAMIC MIRACLE.


"BUT... IF ME, MY BIRTH, IF THAT'S A THERMODYNAMIC MIRACLE... I MEAN, YOU COULD SAY THAT ABOUT ANYBODY IN THE WORLD!"
"YES.
"ANYBODY IN THE WORLD.


"... BUT THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF PEOPLE, SO CROWDED WITH THESE MIRACLES THAT THEY BECOME COMMONPLACE AND WE FORGET...
"I FORGET.
"WE GAZE CONTINUALLY AT THE WORLD AND IT GROWS DULL IN OUR PERCEPTIONS. YET SEEN FROM ANOTHER'S VANTAGE POINT, AS IF NEW, IT MAY STILL TAKE THE BREATH AWAY."


"COME... DRY YOUR EYES, FOR YOU ARE LIFE, RARER THAN A QUARK AND UNPREDICTABLE BEYOND THE DREAMS OF HEISENBERG; THE CLAY IN WHICH THE FORCES THAT SHAPE ALL THINGS LEAVE THEIR FINGERPRINTS MOST CLEARLY.
"DRY YOUR EYES...





As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light of meaning in the darkness of mere being.

—C. G. Jung
MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS

Sal - thought you'd like this for your scrapbook

DAILY WORLD

January 12, 1939 — *More than news!* — 5c

VILLAINS VIE FOR VOLUPTUOUS VIGILANTE

Goons are going ga-ga over the latest do-gooder to pull on a tight costume and jump aboard the masked vigilante bandwagon. Why? Well, maybe it's because *this* costumed cutie is a *girl*! Shapely 18-year-old redhead Sally Jupiter (36-24-36) has taken the alluring and mysterious monicker of "Silk Spectre" as she dons the shortest long underwear yet and becomes the first feisty female to join the fight against felony.

Miss Jupiter's agent, Mr. Larry Schexnayder, says that former waitress and burlesque dancer Sally is such a hit with the hoods that they're practically tripping over each other in the rush to get nabbed by her! In testimony, he produced Mr. Claude Boke of no fixed address, currently out on parole after Sally, who happened to be on hand, arrested him during an attempted liquor store robbery.

"She beat me fair and square, but I don't hold no grudges. She's a pretty-looking young woman and I'd rather have her take me in than two fat old cops anytime," says Claude, who received a light fine and has since quit drinking and taken a job pumping gasoline.

Sally, who eventually hopes to move on to modeling work or movies, tells us that there is already a movie about her life in the works.

"It's called 'Silk Spectre: The Sally Jupiter Story,'" enthuses Sally, "and it's already in the planning stages. Larry and I have met with Mr. King Taylor of Hollywood, and everybody's very excited about it all."

I'm sure we all wish spunky Sal luck in her future endeavors, and if the above movie gets made, who knows? Maybe Sally will have to organize a special premiere . . . just for the criminal fraternity!

reports are true, she certainly has some explaining to do to her hubby and two kids back home on the ranch.

• • •

Meanwhile, over with the cape-and-mask crowd, lips are buzzing and tongues are wagging about cheesecake crime-crusher **Sally Jupiter**, alias the **SILK SPECTRE.** It seems that she and veteran vigilante **HOODED JUSTICE** are something of an item, and seldom out of each other's company. Can wedding bells be too far away? If you want evidence, just look whose arm our Sal is hanging onto in the recently released publicity photographs of that tights-and-trunk-clad team, **The Minutemen.** Between you and me, your Zelda wonders: Does he keep that hood and noose on *all* the time?

• • •

Spotted dancing cheek to cheek at a certain

King Taylor Productions

8-22-45

Sal and Larry

Hi, kids! I know, I know, it's been ages, but I think things are finally moving with "She Devils In Silk." (That's the latest title, by the way. Maurie dreamed it up. Hope you like it. We decided that "Sally Jupiter: Law In Its Lingerie" was too long after all.)

The latest version is looking good — we've retained a lot of the plot elements from the saturday morning Matinee approach we adopted after junking the documentary idea, and we've kept a lot of the footage we shot with you way back then. This new version has some added material to make it accessible to a more adult market, and I think you'll find it kinda fun. We have a young discovery named Cherry Dean that I'm very excited about, and she stands in for you in the new scenes. From the back, she's a dead ringer! It's phenomenal!

Anyway, I'll keep touching base with you as things progress.

Hugs and kisses,

King

MARINE LIEUTENANT USMC
NELSON GARDNER

FREE-LANCE CONSULTANT

KL5-2204

Dear Miss Jupiter,

Having seen you in the news lately, I wished to introduce myself. My name is Captain Metropolis, and I too am a costumed adventurer, with a keen interest in stamping out crime and injustice wheresoever it should rear its ugly head. I am delighted to find that you share these inclinations.

I note also from my perusal of the press that there are several other people of our persuasion stepping forward to join the struggle across America, and, being a military man by nature and career it struck me that it might be a distinct strategic advantage if we were to organize ourselves into some sort of battalion, ready to do our country's bidding at a moment's notice.

I suggest that such a group might be called 'The New Minute Men of America', and I have already devised such things as codes and passwords and strategic exercises that would serve us well in our war on infamy.

If you are interested in this proposal, please contact me through my representative, former Marine Lieutenant Nelson Gardner, whose card is enclosed.

I look forward very much to hearing from you.

Your costumed Comrade in the campaign against crime,

Captain Metropolis

Sally - thought these might be mileage in this - P. Revise I.D.

Larry —
Jesus Christ! Are you kidding -!

February 3rd, 1948

Dear Sally,

Haven't been in touch lately because I thought you should have time to get over poor Bill's funeral. However, there's things that need talking over.

Nelly called last night, upset over yet another tiff with H.J. Those two are getting worse. The more they row and act like an old married couple in public, the harder they are to cover for. I know that you've provided a pretty steady alibi for H.J. up to now, and that the publicity we got from that hasn't exactly hurt you either, but it can't last much longer. Nelly says he's always out when Nelly calls, out with boys, and apparently there's a lot of rough stuff going on. One of these punks only has to go to the cops with a convincing story and some convincing bruises to back it up and it would be the Silhouette fiasco all over again.

I honestly wonder how long it can last. Lewis is drinking harder all the time, and has been very low since the thing with Bill. Mason is a big bouncy boy scout, same as ever, but with Nelly and H.J. acting up it's a pretty sorry spectacle at the meetings these days. Maybe now is the time to pull out and cut our losses. We've made quite a sum, you know, and I've often talked about a place out west somewhere; maybe now's the time we could take it on as a viable partnership proposition together? Anyways, at least think it over.

With fond regards,

Larry

nearest thing I ever got to a proposal

SCREEN REVIEWS

SILK SWINGERS OF SUBURBIA

DIR: Edmund "King" Taylor

STARRING: Cherry Dean, Rod Donovan, Dana Young, Lola Booker, Harry J. Peters, Sally Juniper.

If you like tasteful and sensually artistic modern cinema, then I recommend that this film be avoided at all costs. Cheaply made even by "B"-movie standards, this appears to have started life as a children's adventure serial, complete with unconvincing and dated footage of a stuntwoman in an antique chorus girl costume engaging in poorly staged fights with stock heavies. Edited into this unpromising and juvenile scenario with astonishing clumsiness, we have scenes of Miss Dean—similarly attired and being tied up, whipped and fondled by "Rod Donovan," who must surely be a relative of well-known hack director "King" Taylor, so close is the resemblance between the two men. Too awful even to be dignified with the term "pornography," the only real act of sadism in this film lies in releasing it; the only masochism in watching it.

PROBE PROFILE: SALLY JUPITER

an interview with a forties glamour girl and the seamier side of her crimefighting career.

PROBE: Sally, how much would you say that it's a sex thing, putting on a costume?

SALLY: No. I don't . . . Well, let me say this, for me, it was never a sex thing. It was a money thing. And I think for some people it was a fame thing, and for a tiny few, God bless 'em, I think it was a goodness thing. I mean, I'm not saying it wasn't a sex thing for some people, but, no, no, I wouldn't say that's what motivated the majority . . .

PROBE: There was Ursula Zandt, the Silhouette . . .

SALLY: Uh-huh. Well, sooner or later, okay, that's going to come up, so let me deal with that . . . First off, I didn't like her as a person. I mean, she was not an easy person to get along with. But, when the papers got hold of it, her being a—what is it—a gay woman they say nowadays, when that happened, I thought it was wrong. I mean, Laurence, who was my first husband, he got everybody to throw her out of the group to minimize the P.R. damage, but . . . I mean, I voted along with everybody else, but . . . well, it wasn't fair. It wasn't honest. I mean, she wasn't the only gay person in the Minutemen. Some professions, I don't know, they attract a certain type . . .

PROBE: Who else was gay?

SALLY: I'm not naming anybody. It was a couple of the guys, and they're both dead now. One died recently. I'm not saying who it was, I'm just saying that we all knew, and we knew she wasn't the only one, and we slung her out just the same. When she got murdered like that . . . I mean, I never really liked her. Ursula. Was that her real name? I didn't know that. I didn't like her, but . . . throwing her out. We shouldn't have done that. I feel bad about that.

PROBE: On the subject of the Minutemen, in Hollis Mason's autobiography . . .

SALLY: Uh-oh! Here it comes.

PROBE: . . . he alleges that you were sexually assaulted by the Comedian, who, as you know, is still active. You've never said too much about this incident yourself . . .

SALLY: Well, why break a lifetime's habit?

PROBE: You won't comment upon that?

SALLY: I . . . Look, I don't bear any grudges. That's all. I know I should, everybody tells me I should but . . . look, I don't have to justify this, okay? It's just that nothing's that simple, not even things that are simply awful. You know, rape is rape and there's no excuses for it, absolutely none, but for me, I felt . . . I felt like I'd contributed in some way. Is that misplaced guilt, whatever my analyst said? I really felt that, that I was somehow as much to blame for . . . for letting myself be his victim not in a physical sense, but . . . but, it's like what if, y'know? What if, just for a moment, maybe I really did want . . . I mean, that doesn't excuse him, doesn't excuse either of us, but with all that doubt, what it is to come to terms with it, I can't stay angry when I'm so uncertain about my own feelings . . .

PROBE: You're retired now, and it seems your daughter has been groomed to follow in your footsteps. Having seen the lifestyle for yourself, how do you feel about that?

SALLY: Mm. That's tough. I guess, in a lot of ways, it was me who pushed Laurie, that's my daughter, pushed her into this line of work . . . I know that when she's upset about something she always blames me for shoving her into such a weird career, but underneath somewhere, I think she secretly kinda likes it. She likes to bitch about it, but what else would she have done? Been a housewife? Got a job in a bank? So she didn't have a normal life! What's so great about normal life? Normal life stinks! You can ask anybody! No, no, of course, I'm her mother, I get worried about her. But in the end, I think she'll see what it was I gave her. I think she'll start to see her life next to the lives of other kids and she'll start thinking in terms of what I saved her from instead of what I condemned her to.

PROBE: You think so?

SALLY: I hope so.

"You know, rape is rape and there's no excuse for it, absolutely none, but for me, I felt . . . I felt like I'd contributed in some way."

ALAN MOORE
writer

DAVE GIBBONS
illustrator/letterer

JOHN HIGGINS
colorist

BARBARA RANDALL
editor

RICHARD BRUNING
designer

JULIA SABBAGH
asst. art director

JENETTE KAHN
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vp-executive editor

BOB ROZAKIS
production manager

PAT BASTIENNE
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TERRI CUNNINGHAM
mgr. editorial admin

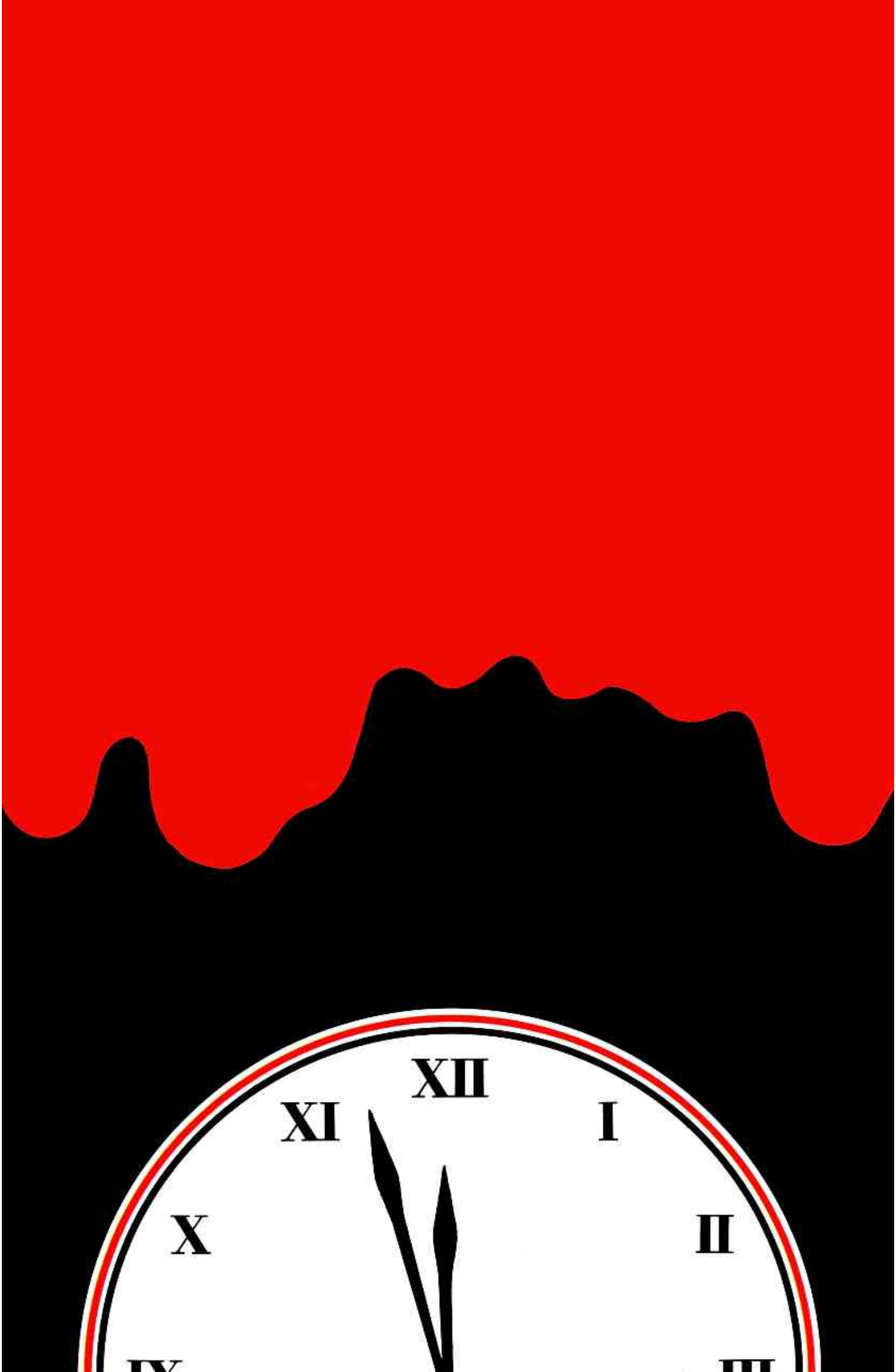
PAUL LEVITZ
executive vp

JOE ORLANDO
vp-creative director

ED SHUKIN
vp-circulation

BRUCE BRISTOW
marketing director

PATRICK CALDON
controller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